National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

From The Independent.

WHEN, a few weeks since, we suggested the importance of a deputation from this country to England to arouse public sentiment there to some determined action against the recent encroachments of slavery, the proposal was received in some quarters with surprise and incredulity. Yet we are confident that such a deputation, itself the product and the representative of Christian anti-slavery sentiment in the United States, would do much to recall our English brethren from their lethargy upon this subject to the manly tone of fifty years ago. Of late years the public expression of English anti-slavery sentiment has been pretty much confined to an idle vaporing about West India emancipation, and a senseless bullying of America. To be sure every honest Englishman holds opposition to slavery and the slave trade as a hereditary birthright; but as there is nothing in the Queen's dominions to give a practical turn to that opposition, it is too often an unintelligent sentiment or an imperative dogmatism used to point an unworthy antipathy toward the United States. That there are honorable exceptions to this, the intelligent, candid, Anglo-American views of our own English Correspondent are sufficient evidence. Such views have weight in this country because they are intelligent and discriminating, and not blindly dogmatic. *We* are in the midst of a conflict with slavery, from which our brethren in America are happily delivered; and the necessities of this conflict have developed here a more full, strong, hearty, thorough, persistent opposition to slavery in the massess at the North, and especially among Christians, than now exists in the English people as a whole. To be sure, an ecclesiastical or political demagogue in England can at any time make a platform sensation by denouncing slavery in the *United States;* but meantime the cotton-lords of Manchester, who are the chief patrons and supporters of American slavery, pass unscathed. Twenty years ago, when Dr. Patton of this city, in a speech at Liverpool, pointed to American cotton-bales upon the docks, and said, "*In the market you furnish for Southern cotton, slavery finds its yearly sustenance,*" his whole allusion to that subject was *suppressed* in the printed reports of his speech, while his denunciations of slavery in America were printed at large. The cotton interest of Manchester and the financial policy of the London *Times* have taken advantage of the apathy of the English mind to deteriorate the national sentiment against slavery.

The African Civilization Society is doing much to reawaken the hostility of England to slavery by giving an intelligent and practical direction to anti-slavery sentiment. But a few hair-brained declaimers, who make a trade of anti-slavery agitation, are doing quite as much to hinder the good cause, by bringing it into disrepute. There are signs, however, of a more healthy state of feeling in England. The following letter is a frank confession from an English emancipationist, both of the decline of anti-slavery sentiment in that country and of the causes to which this decline is to be ascribed. His suggestion as to English influence upon Spain is very important.

To the Editors of The Independent.

SIR: You will have observed the cautious reception of Dr. Cheever by the Congregational leaders in London. They were evidently unprepared to fraternize with the Garrisonian school, though ready to welcome the "Abdiel" of America. Dr. Campbell was careful to recognize other ministers of New York as the earnest friends of emancipation. Rev. George Smith and Rev. John Stoughton declined to commit themselves to all the sentiments contained in the address to Dr. Cheever. *The Daily Telegraph* took exception to the style of his discourse; but in comparison wi some of his prelections it was moderate, and generally considered as a success. There was a little characteristic exaggeration of metaphor, as in the "spider" as big as St. Paul's cathedral, and the "pyramid of serpents," but, as a whole, the oration was admired and felt to be one of power. I think, however, that your ardent coadjutor in the cause of emancipation will find himself greatly disappointed in the standing and influence of English Abolitionists. The truth is (and it ought to be known), that America is *greatly in advance of us in the intellectual and moral power put forth in the service of negro emancipation.* You have a literature on the subject second to none. Public sentiment has advanced with you in a manner considering the circumstances, that is without parallel. There is in America a steady and ever accumulating force of opinion, not affected by accidental reverses. Where do you find the counterpart of this state of things in England? There is sufficient scope for exertion if we had the men or the true spirit required for the conflict. European influence, for example, might be brought to bear on Spain in the case of Cuba. But we have no successors of the Clarksons, Wilberforces, and Buxtons of the former generation. There is no Henry Brougham in the House of Commons.

It is unaccountable that a cause so sacred and so inspiring, as once conducted, should have been left to its present leaders. The contrast is humiliating, and yet almost ridiculous. I do not remember an anti-slavery meeting of any importance within the last ten years, and with the exception of an occasional article in a quarterly review, I have not seen an English publication on the subject worth the paper on which it is printed. The little manœuvres to excite public notice, and the frivolous acts of annoyance to religious societies, only indicate the change which has taken place. No effective aid will be given to the cause in America so long as this course of action is pursued. It is too frivolous to command respect or to awaken general interest.

You are ahead of us there immeasurably. You have jurists, statesmen, orators, and poets seriously occupied, and with talents of the highest order devoted to the work. A dozen names of American authors might be mentioned in a breath, whose writings will remain as precious memorials or as standard text-books. Even your negroes surpass us in the eloquence with which they assert their own rights, and, in them, those of our common humanity. The speech of Langston at the Court in Cleveland last year transcends in Demosthenic power any speech made in England on the subject since the "World's Convention." And yet in utter ignorance of this march of truth amongst you, we hear it said that it is not safe to give utterance to anti-slavery sentiments in America! and that any man who is faithful must be regarded as a prodigy or a martyr! We shall learn better.

I am, sir, yours faithfully, JOHN WADDINGTON.

9 Surrey Square, Aug. 22, 1860.

AMERICANS CATECHIZED IN ENGLAND.—A good many of our countrymen complain very justly of an annoyance to which they are subjected in England. Perhaps clergymen are more likely than other men to meet with it, but other men sometimes encounter it. It is a sort of tyrannical, impudent, ultra-radical, anti-slavery espionage and cross-questioning. Does one of our American gentlemen appear upon the platform of any English philanthropic or religious society? Is he entertained by them at a dinner or breakfast? Straightway he and they are assailed by a class of impertinent scribblers, who warn the public against him because he is not a Garrisonian Abolitionist, and take upon themselves to request him to answer a series of questions respecting his beliefs and disbeliefs. We have seen, in some of the English papers, the most abusive tirades against respectable New England preachers who hold the sentiments upon slavery which are prevalent here. We are glad to see that Dr. Murray of New Jersey has snubbed one of these conceited fellows by inquiring into his antecedents, and publishing the results of his inquiry as a part of his letter of reply. He learns that the fellow "is a secretary without anything to do, save to annoy persons, and thus to earn a yearly stipend." One of these ultra conscientious men declined, a few years ago, to meet at a private breakfast a well-known divine of this city, because he disapproved of a book which the minister had written. On being questioned subsequently by the latter, the Englishman confessed that he had not read the book, but had heard that it was not strongly enough opposed to slavery. If we chose to recount the experiences which we have heard from our most estimable men who have been attacked with inquisitorial impertinence in England, our readers might have a less favorable idea than they now have of English courtesy. But it would not be fair to judge the nation by such instances. Yet the annoyance has become so frequent that it may not be amiss to allude to it. Dr. Murray has done a service to his friends in making an example of one of the class of which we have spoken.—*Providence Journal.*

THE SLAVERY DISCUSSION.

From The Methodist.

THE slavery discussion, one of the most important ever presented to this country, is in the same predicament as the temperance reform—*overdone.* It has, for some time, been tending surely to this result by its mismanagement. The Garrison party exists, but its nine-tenths dead. The people, by their instinctive good sense, have condemned it to death. Its leaders, eloquent and energetic, can no longer get up their "hundred conventions" a season. Their paper in Boston is sustained by the charity of a few individual rich men. Their eloquence is heard as a recreation, if at all, and is fast losing its popular interest.

The political anti-slavery party is hostile to this old ultra party. It may be predicted that should the former come into power, at the next election, it will give us one of the most conservative administrations we have had for many years. Its professions and its necessities show this result. Should any other party triumph, we believe about the same result will follow. Its success, in power, depends upon its policy on this question, for it is obvious that the people have resolved that it shall be put at rest. It will spontaneously go into abeyance. Whatever political doctrines practically prevail, the rights of the Southern States and the provisions of the Constitution will be cautiously observed hereafter by any dominant party.

And this result we affirm to be most beneficent. It is one of the many providential proofs that our country has yet a grand mission before it, and shall not be confounded. It will be especially salutary for the question of slavery itself. What we now need is, to bring the hearts of North and South together again, that they may beat in sympathy. This is the only way to secure real influence on the subject. It will take time to bring about such an improvement, but changes move rapidly in this age, and that good time will come.

Men locally troubled, in Church or State, by this controversy, should learn an encouraging lesson from these indications. They need patience, chiefly; violent retaliatory measures are supremely unwise for them. Time will bring them sure guidance and relief. Men of good sense and good temper, on both sides, will yet see eye to eye, and be recognized by the people as the legitimate public guides on the question. We doubt not that, by the end of the next presidential administration, this prediction will be found to be a national and an ecclesiastical fact among us.

DELIGHTED WITH THE SOUTH.

Southern Correspondence of The New York Express.

As a native New Yorker and a Knickerbocker, I am honest in declaring that I am delighted with the South, and her "peculiar institution." It is the only child of their love, interest and affection, and naturally enough, they will not see it abused, if it severs the old family tie—the Union. It is not necessary for me to repeat the oft-told tale, as to how well the negroes live, how kindly they are treated, how well nursed when sick, and how comfortable the negroes live in their cabins, and enjoy their own vegetable gardens, etc.,—for it is too true for the interest of an Abolitionist (politically or otherwise) to believe. But if the degenerating race of free negroes at the North lived half as well, or were encouraged or supported by the professed friends of negro emancipation, the Northern Penitentiaries and State Prisons would be less crowded, and many of the poor, sickly children of the New England factories, who labor their twelve or fourteen hours a day, like the young plants, would be suffered to grow up and prosper in the enjoyment of health, and better prospects for the future—while Abolition and Republican charity would award the position to the present forsaken and neglected negro.

The last ten days and nights have been excessively warm, and during the two hours' rest they have in the middle of the day, I notice that many of the working negroes prefer to sleep in the sun, rather than enjoy the shade of a contiguous oak; and it has often occurred to me, that if the white paupers of Europe were suddenly made to take the place of the Southern negro, that the necessity of becoming acclimated would kill them off, and prevent anything like a successful crop for an ensuing ten years; and if any section of this great country was short of their rice, tobacco, cotton, corn, potatoes, wheat, rye, oats, etc., etc., for that period, scarcity and starvation would be the result both North and South of Mason and Dixon's line.

Many Southern gentlemen are under the impression that they could visit the North, and take their negro servants with them; but I tell them that, among the Abolitionists especially, they would find too many cases, like the recent one of John P. Darg, where they induced the simple negro to rob his master, only to see the negro locked up for years for a crime he would not otherwise have committed—while the money, probably, went to sustain some white leader of the Abolition party. H. C. W.

SOUTHERN DISUNION.

In our opinion there is no disunion at the South, save what is occasioned by a sense of violated rights, and a conviction that there is little or no hope of redress. There are no better friends of the Union *as established by the Constitution* than these very fire-eaters, as they are called, who are unwilling to be left with all the obligations of that instrument resting upon them, while the immunities and benefits of it are denied them. Just restore the Union to its original basis—the basis of the Constitution—and it will have no warmer friends and defenders than the men of the South. Garrison and his crew are consistent in denouncing the Constitution as "an agreement with hell," and the Union, because based on such a Constitution; but those men are very inconsistent who pretend to uphold the Union, and yet violate the Constitution upon which it rests. What but such violation are the "personal liberty bills" which have been enacted in several of the Northern States; the refusal of the North, with some honorable exceptions, to surrender fugitive slaves, as stipulated by the Constitution; the practical denial to the South of equal rights in the Territories; and generally a disposition on the part of Northern people, or a large portion of them, when they do not distinctly violate the Constitution (in those features which inure to the benefit of the South), to come as near to it as possible? Now, we say that they cannot properly be termed disunionists, who are only so in case the terms of the Union are persistently violated. And we say that those men at the North and West who talk of "coercing" the South to continue in a Union which she never assented to—a Union not such as the Constitution calls for, but such as Abolition tyrants see fit to inaugurate—are themselves the disunionists; since they virtually sanction a violation of the terms of the Union, which they might have prevented if they would, and then commit the double wrong of compelling the injured party to abide under his injuries. If A. makes a contract with B containing mutual stipulations, and if A. distinctly violates and continues to violate those of them that inure to the benefit of B., there is not a court in the land but would say that A. is estopped from demanding of B. the continued fulfilment of his part of the contract. And this "covenant breaking" on the part of the North is far enough from being innocent. It is classed in Scripture with the most flagrant kinds of wickedness (Rom. i. 31.) The true business of the North is to repent, and do her first works; fulfil her obligations to the South, all of them, as she once did, and as the Constitution requires; and our word for it, we shall hear no more about disunion and secession at the South, but shall find existing wounds healing up, and the halcyon days of the Republic restored. This is the way to "coerce" the South—with the bands of love; doing our whole duty under the Constitution, and letting the South see and feel that it is a Union *for her*, and not against her. The whole theory of the Union is CHOICE. The moment FORCE is applied, against a State or section, that moment the golden chain is broken, and so broken that in all probability it can never be repaired.—*Journal of Commerce.*

WHAT THE SOUTH IS AFRAID OF.

[The Hon. J. Foster Marshall, a State Senator from the Abbeville District in South Carolina, in a letter recently published, thus sets forth his apprehensions as to the consequences likely to follow the triumph of the Republicans in the approaching election.]

THEY will first lull us into false security by an outward show of protection to our property and an adherence to the Constitution. Our fears being quieted, they will then commence instilling their insidious poison by distributing the $80,000,000 of treasury liberally to our people in the way of offices at home and abroad; by putting men of their own stamp into our post offices, and on our post roads. *They will hunt out all the men in our midst who have "tender consciences" upon the subject of slavery,* and ply them with promises of office and position, until they yield themselves a willing instrument in their hands to carry on the hellish work in our midst. Our people, in this way, will become so familiarized with these small acts of aggression, that, in a short time, men in our midst will begin to say *it is not such a bad government after all*—if other States can stand it, South Carolina ought. After a few more years, men will be found who have taken care, in the meantime, to sell their negroes, and pocketed the price of the blood, *to talk about the right which a master has to set his negroes free if he desires, and that the law now prohibiting it ought to be repealed.* In this way will be formed parties in every district and county of the slaveholding States, sustaining this dominant party. These small parties will increase under the auspices and patronage of the Black Republicans, until district after district, county after county, falls into their power. They will so circumvent and surround slavery with a cordon of free States on our North and West; and with the Atlantic on our East, and the Gulf on our South, they will make slavery "stink in our nostrils." *To save ourselves, our wives and our children, from the contaminating influence of the insolent and rebellious negro, we will be made to abolish slavery ourselves.* They will not commit the *overt act* that some Union men are waiting for. Not they! But they will bring to bear the whole force and power of the Government upon the South, in such a way that *Abolition will be far preferable than the attempt to hold the negro in slavery,* with such influences acting and inciting him to rapine and murder.

INSURRECTIONS.

From The Macon (Ga.) Messenger.

WE have thought it advisable to publish but little upon this exciting and alarming question. That there is a growing spirit of discontent and insubordination among a portion of our servile population, we think must be apparent to every careful observer. Nor is this at all surprising. Indeed, it is strange that things are no worse. This class of persons are now found in our hotels, stores and workshops, on our railroads and steamboats, everywhere commingling with all sorts of characters, and listening to discussions upon all kinds of topics. Add to this, mass-meetings and outdoor declamations upon the Presidential question, the drum and fife, and torchlight processions, together with the fact that there are constantly coming South some of the most intelligent and desperate negroes of the border States, and we marvel that these troubles are not more serious. Our readers have not forgotten the outbreak in Tennessee and perhaps other States, immediately subsequent to the exciting canvass of 1856, when the negroes were looking to Fremont as a general deliverer. We noticed the other day, in one of our exchanges, that they have been heard to huzza for Lincoln. We are no alarmists, and sleep as quietly as most persons; but we reiterate what we have before expressed, that unless this promiscuous public speaking and slavery agitation ceases, we are as sure to have trouble as effect follows cause.

A wise and merciful Providence has placed four millions of our fellow-beings under our guardianship—to care for their souls and bodies, and to govern and provide for them—for all observation shows that they are incompetent to govern and provide for themselves—a fearful responsibility and terrible retribution, therefore, must fall upon those who wickedly excite them to revolt.

In the present excited condition of the public mind, there is much danger that the faithful and trusty servant will suffer with the guilty. Great care should be taken to avoid this. Whilst we see no cause for particular apprehension in this section, it is hardly necessary to put the public on their guard against all vagabonds and suspicious characters.

Selections.

CHRISTIANITY AND COLOR.

THERE are in the State of New York some fifty or sixty thousand persons wholly or partially of negro blood; in all the Free States, perhaps five times that number. As the Christianity of our day, even the worst of it, recognizes these despised Pariahs as having souls to be saved or lost, it is not necessary to convince it that they are human beings—a portion of that great family of man which, our Declaration of Independence asserts, God has created equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

These blacks are not an attractive, as they are not a favorite class. They have great faults, as all degraded, downtrodden tribes or races have, and always have had. What Israelite of any age would be likely to regard with complacency an account, by one of Pharaoh's historiographers, of the descendants of Jacob as they dwelt in the land of Goshen in the earlier prime of Moses?

The blacks among us are often vicious, indolent, dissipated, as too many whites are likewise, without half their excuse. The blacks are too generally ignorant: what have been and are their opportunities for learning? They are vicious: but how deficient their inducements to virtue compared with those of whites? They are grovelling in their tastes and appetites: what is their incitement to nobleness and self-denying effort? Let him do his best, and let that be the equal of any man's best, and what can the negro achieve? The world is full of discontented, unhappy, despondent whites; but which of them, in the very agony of despair, ever wishes himself a Negro?

Can any Christian seriously doubt that, if Jesus of Nazareth were this day on earth, and New York his abiding-place, he would regard with indignation the treatment of this crushed caste—its rigorous exclusion alike from fashionable churches and from fashionable hotels, save in some attitude which bespeaks their despised condition? Suppose the Savior of mankind should, by some miraculous interposition, be permitted to preach in Grace church or Trinity, and should there see notorious libertines in the social and swindlers in the commercial world occupying seats of honor, while humble saints guilty of a dark skin were either shut out or rigidly confined to the "negro pew," would not that arrangement be likely to find a place among the topics of his discourse?

But the Christ of the poor and the lowly does not preach and is seldom preached in such costly and sumptuous edifices—had He done so, it could not have taken John Jay ten years of steady, resolute struggle to secure to the single congregation of colored Episcopalians in this city its clear constitutional right to be represented in the Diocesan Convention. Only in spirit, and in the universal applicability of the great, universal truths He uttered while on earth, does He now say to the oppressor and his parasites, the advocate of man's inalienable rights and his backers, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye did it unto me." Let us consider, then, in the light of eternal principle, the present attitude of the organized, embodied Christianity of New York toward the people of color providentially among us.

There are in this city some three hundred Christian Churches, while from its presses hardly less than twenty professedly Christian periodicals are statedly issued. Those Churches, those periodicals, necessarily exert a very great influence over the opinions, the acts of perhaps one million voters. A large proportion of those voters are called to vote in November directly on the question, "Shall black men in this State hold and enjoy the right of suffrage on the same terms with white men? or shall they alone be denied a voice in making and modifying the laws which they must obey, and in choosing the rulers by whom those laws are to be enforced?" Can there be any serious doubt as to which is the essentially CHRISTIAN side in this controversy?

A black who transgresses any law of the State of New York is held to at least as rigorous account for that transgression as though he were white. Let him steal, or slay, or maim, and a white magistrate will speedily issue a warrant for his arrest, a white policeman or deputy sheriff arrest him, a white prosecutor arraign him, a white judge try him, a white jury find him guilty, and a white turnkey lock him up and set him at work for the State. Whether he have or have not rights which white men are bound to respect, he will be most impressively taught that *they* have rights, and that he cannot help respecting them. For all purposes of responsibility to law and punishment for violating it he is regarded as a rational, capable, responsible human being: why not for correlative responsibilities and privileges of citizenship as well?

But the case is too plain for argument. The disfranchised are so disfranchised not because they are ignorant or vicious, or in any manner incompetent, but because they are black. "To this complexion" the matter inevitably comes at last. An irreclaimable profligate, an incorrigibly drunken vagabond, a hired rowdy and law-defyer, and ten thousand keepers of policy offices, brothels, and gambling-houses and grog-shops—all these, if white, as they mostly are, unquestioned voters; while the most exemplary Christian, if at once poor and black, is disfranchised. A great majority of the Christian Churches, Christian periodicals, the Christian professors, raise no voice in remonstrance against this flagrant injustice and wrong!

At our ensuing election, those Christians who believe that the Golden Rule applies as clearly and searchingly to voting as to ruling, trading, or any other exercise of our volition whereby our neighbors are or may be seriously affected, are required to vote for or against abolishing the Property Qualification now exacted in our State of black men. Is it not desirable and requisite that every Christian should bestir himself in favor of Equal Suffrage, and should endeavor to enlist his neighbors and his brethren in the Church actively in favor of the same righteous decision?—*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

PROVING TOO MUCH.

From The Evening Post.

IT often happens, when a man is over-eager in any cause, that what he alleges in its support proves much more than he intended. This is the case with a writer in *The Journal of Commerce*, a Southern planter he calls himself, who tries to persuade the trading classes that the election of Lincoln will interrupt the commercial intercourse of North and South. Are the farmers, the merchants, the manufacturers, the mechanics of the North, he asks, aware of the extent to which their labor is employed at the South? and then, in illustration of the fact, he makes this statement:

"I have been a planter for a good many years, and I was considerably startled at the result of an investigation of the subject, so far as connected with myself and my own family. On examination of my expenditures, one year with another, I find that nearly three-fourths of my income has, either directly or indirectly, found its way into the hands of Northern men; and I believe this to be true of a majority of the producing classes here.

"I am aroused in the morning by the bell of a clock hailing from Connecticut. Leaving a bed which, with all its paraphernalia, is of Northern origin, I thrust my feet into a pair of Massachusetts shoes; and, as I join my family at the table, everything that meets my eye, except the faces so dear to me, is all, all Northern.

"My coffee, which has paid toll to a Northern importer, been parched over an Albany stove, ground in a mill from Meriden, Conn., poured from a Yankee urn into a Yankee cup, sweetened with sugar refined in New York, stirred with a spoon of like origin—used to be drank without one emotion other than pleasing.

"To church or to school a Northern bell invites us. In our devotions or our dances a Northern organ or a Northern fiddle lends its inspiring strains.

"Whether we ride or walk, sit or sleep, we do all, my Northern friends, through your kind assistance.

"I take a look at my sour visage in a Northern mirror, stamp my foot on a Northern carpet, and rush out of a house which was constructed with Northern tools, fitted with Northern doors, sash, blinds, glass, etc., painted with Northern paint, furnished and adorned throughout, from cellar to attic, with the work of Northern hands. I mount a Northern saddle and ride over a farm which is cultivated with Northern implements, by negroes clad in cloth made in Massachusetts, from materials furnished anywhere from Vermont to Ohio.

"My cotton, prepared for market by Northern gin and press, enveloped in bagging which has paid tribute to a Boston Indiaman, is hauled by a Northern engine to a seaport, whence it is shipped in a Northern vessel to its ultimate destination, paying, in its transport, commission, brokerage, insurance, exchange and a host of other charges."

This is certainly a striking view of the entire dependence of the slave States upon the North. For all the conveniences, the comforts, the luxuries of life which art and ingenuity can supply, they are indebted to the people of the free States. Without the aid of Northern ingenuity and industry, life at the South would be, according to the testimony of this planter, but a rude barbarian existence, scarcely above that of the savage. His testimony to this effect is as full and as minute as we could desire, and to our readers we doubt not it will be perfectly satisfactory. The South cannot do without the ingenuity and diligence of their neighbors of the North. They cannot dispense with the activity and entertainment which either produce, or provide elsewhere, and bring to their doors, at as cheap a rate as they can be supplied, whatever makes life pleasant and refined, and helps to counteract the barbarian tendency of slavery. It is true that the writer in *The Journal of Commerce* threatens the North that, in case Lincoln shall be elected, there will be "a total disruption of all the commercial ties" which now connect the two divisions of the Union, and that the "Northern farmers, mechanics, merchants, shipowners, brokers, and those who are dependent upon them" will find themselves abandoned by their Southern customers. But his statement proves too much to enable him to draw that conclusion.

Is the Southern planter about to deprive himself of the benefit of the Connecticut clock which informs his overseer at what time his gang of negroes should be at their work? The Yankee clockmaker sells his time-pieces in Liverpool and other English markets. Will the planter import them circuitously from England at a great expense? Will he have no more of the table furniture which he says is now all Northern, no more Albany stoves, no more Meriden coffee mills, no more Northern spoons, no more Northern beds spread with Northern sheets and blankets, no more Northern looking-glasses, no more Northern carpets, no more Massachusetts shoes, all which he has bought simply because he wanted them and could not do without them? Are he and his neighbors to dispense with doors and windows and fastenings to their houses, are they to do without paint for their dwellings and furniture for their apartments, unless they resort to the expedient of bringing all these things from England or France? Are they to ride no more on Northern saddles, which they buy because they are best and cheapest? Are they going to have no more agricultural implements from the North, nor Northern clothes for their negroes, with which they now provide themselves for the same reason?

We need not go through the whole catalogue of the necessities and comforts of life for which the slave States, according to this writer's statement, are now wholly dependent upon the free. Let the Southern planters honestly try the experiment of doing without the handiwork of Northern artisans, and the beggarly figure which they would make in a twelvemonth may easily be imagined; dismantled habitations, and in-door life like that of the aborigines, half-tilled fields, naked negroes, a ragged, shoeless chivalry in tattered hats. Our Southern friend makes his own dependence and that of his neighbors upon the artisans of the Northern States to be so entire and so complete that the very strongest motives that can act on human beings will be necessary to compel them to give it up. He shows them to be so utterly helpless without us, that if they were to refuse our aid, and fail to supply its place with assistance from some other quarter, their country would almost immediately lapse into a state not very far, in point of civilization and refinement, from that of the negroes on their plantations.

It may be said that the people of the slave States will get what they want from Europe, by a direct trade with the Old World. They cannot get all they want—all that they are now accustomed to have—from that quarter, and if they could they will not. They have been dreaming this dream of a direct trade for the last twenty years, but they have never been able to carry it into effect, and never will. They have not had enterprise enough to execute any such plan, and when we consider that, in sober reality, they will now have no more inducement to enter upon such an undertaking than they had ten years since, we have a right to infer that the necessary enterprise will be wanting should Mr. Lincoln be elected. The Southern population are attached to their luxuries; they do not like to take trouble; they like to obtain the greatest amount of the comforts and refinements of life for their money, and whether Lincoln be elected or defeated, they will go on just as they have gone on for the last twenty years—holding, perhaps, commercial conventions, and prating about commercial independence of the North, but buying of the North what they can buy to the greatest advantage, and using, as now, all the helps furnished by Northern industry.

Perhaps, however, it is intended to introduce at the South the arts by which the wants of the slave States are now supplied from the North. It is natural that the planters should wish this—but the undertaking is difficult, and none of them are likely to do anything to hasten its accomplishment. These arts will take root slowly in a community of slaveholders, and wherever they are introduced they will so far expel slavery. An example of this is seen in the German gardeners who till patches of ground in the neighborhood of Savannah, and have displaced the black cultivators, and in the white cartmen of New Orleans, who have displaced the slaves. It is only by getting rid of slavery in some degree that in the same degree free labor can be introduced. This must ever be a tardy process, on account of the discredit which accompanies mutual labor in all slaveholding communities, and if no other expedient be proposed, the Southern States must long continue to depend upon the North for the supplies they now receive.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT" ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

Editorial Correspondence of The Lawrence (Kansas) Republican.

JACKSON, Michigan, Sept. 1, 1860.

IF there were any doubt that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery, such doubt would be entirely dispelled by a short ride upon any of the steamboats which are now plying the waters of the Missouri river. Every one of them is a floating theatre of discussion, and slavery the staple of debate. Scattered about in groups—standing in couples, gathered here and there in small companies, the work goes on. Draw near, and you catch the key-notes of the conversation in the expressions—"Freedom," "Slavery," "Free Labor," "Squatter Sovereignty," etc., etc. The discussions seem at once to assume an anti-slavery or pro-slavery type, and first principles, rather than lines of policy, are the great points of controversy. Thus, day by day, the attrition of ideas, the shock of mind with mind, and the great battle of principle with principle, goes on. The result, the friends of freedom have no occasion to fear. From all this friction and fire the diamond of truth comes out with a more radiant brilliancy, while the rubbish of error is ground to powder or burned to ashes!

The steamer Omaha, of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad line, on which I left Leavenworth, on Thursday, the 30th ult., was well crowded with passengers. Hardly had we left the levee before a general political discussion was going on all over the boat. Among our passengers was Rev. Daniel Foster, formerly of Bourbon County, but now of Nemaha County, Kansas. A remark of his on the infamously notorious town of Kickapoo, as we passed, waked up a couple of slaveholders, Mississippians, who sat near him, and a general discussion of slavery commenced. The slaveholders were intelligent and courteous, but as veritable fire-eaters as ever I met. The Rev. Daniel is not "slow of speech," nor barren of ideas, nor unacquainted with the facts of history; and our slaveholding friends soon found out that they had waked up altogether the "wrong passenger." The conversation soon attracted a crowd of listeners. The Mississippians would now and then fire up, and become almost boisterous; while Foster was as cool and dispassionate as a judge, but as remorseless, with his facts and his logic, as an executioner. At every point he met and overwhelmed them. When they spoke of "aggression," he pointed them to Kansas, whose history he knew by heart. When they charged him with fanaticism, he quoted the burning words of Washington and Jefferson, confirming his position. At last, one of them grew a little impatient, and broke out with, "Well, you have *got* Kansas, and now you mean to have Missouri—and you will get that, too; but I am taking my last nigger out of it, and you may have it, for all I care. Here, Joe, come up here." Joe, who was thus addressed, was a little colored boy (quite white), about ten years old, standing, at the moment, in the gangway. Upon being called, he came up looking rather shy, as though a little afraid of so many strangers. Perhaps he thought some of us were about to buy him. "There," said his master, "that boy is my slave." "He's about as white as you are," was Foster's cool but truthful response. "Yes, and pretty near as smart," replied the other; "he is the last slave I had in Missouri, and I am taking him home to my plantation. I expect he will live as happily as he would if free. You may go, Joe." Joe left, and the master continued: "There, I own that slave; he is mine, and I expect will be as long as he lives. I feel no compunction about it, and expect I am just as good a man as you are, and stand just as good a chance of getting to heaven." "I certainly hope you may get to heaven," said Foster; "but, my friend, if you ever *do* get to heaven, and meet that little boy there, *he will not be your slave there!*" The reply was overwhelming, and the boastful owner of that youthful heir of immortality was, for the moment, abashed and confounded. The effect on the surrounding crowd of listeners was most marked. And why not? If the poor, oppressed slave of this life is to be an inhabitant of heaven in the next, it can only be because he is an immortal creature, possessed of all the rights and capabilities of humanity—one for whom Christ died, and whom God will recognize as a redeemed child. Surely, to reduce such a being to the level of a chattel, to class him among horses and cattle, to sell him on the auction block like a barrel of pork or a bale of cotton, to shut out from his mind the sweet lights of science and the holy teachings of the Bible, to rob him of property, home and family, and to condemn him to life-long ignorance, degradation and bondnge, must be a most heinous and appalling sin, and, as Wesley well expressed it, "the sum of all villanies!"

"You have preached a good sermon," said I to Foster, as the crowd broke up. I could but remark the changes which had taken place on the Missouri river since my short acquaintance with it. Four years ago, the expression of such sentiments as had just been uttered would have secured for their author open insult, if not violence. Now, the boldest anti-slavery sentiments are openly and fearlessly proclaimed. Truly, the world "does move." T. D. T.

THE PROFANITIES OF PRAYER.

IT seems that the late lamented Theodore Parker did not die a natural death through the ordinary processes of disease, as has generally been supposed, but that he was *prayed to death* by "a praying circle of ladies, held in the parlor of a prominent citizen of Boston." These godly dames made the case of this celebrated heresiarch the subject of special prayer. "They prayed earnestly that he might be stopped in his preaching of ruinous errors." At one of their meetings, the glad tidings were announced to them that on the previous Sabbath Mr. Parker had been prevented from preaching because prostrated by sickness. They recognized the hand of the Lord in this dispensation, and perceived that "He was about to answer their prayers, though in a different way from what they had expected." And *The Congregational Herald* goes on to recite, "as facts worthy of notice and record," that Mr. Parker's voice was virtually silenced from that time forward; that he preached only once or twice afterward; and that a disease seized upon him "which took him from his congregation and his country, and into eternity." Upon which state of facts, this orthodox organ of the Congregationalists exclaims with holy fervor: "Was not this one among the numerous answers which God gives to secret prayer?!"

We think, if we are to take this oracle as an authentic expounder of the ways of God to man, that it becomes a matter of very general interest to know whether these honorable and devout women of Boston have been encouraged by this signal success to continue their operations for the ridding of the world of persons whom they may esteem mischievous to it. The knowledge of the existence of such a secret society of Destroying Angels, one would think, must excite no small uneasiness in the Athens of our country. For though, as in Athens of old, the inhabitants are fond of hearing and telling of some new thing, we cannot conceive that it could be an agreeable novelty to learn that such practices may be going on privily against men's lives. Indeed, who of us all is safe? How do we know that a praying circle of ladies is not, at this moment, wearying Heaven for the destruction of *The Tribune*, and an epidemic extirpation of all the persons whom it employs in the public service? It is dreadful to think of. We know that certain women in Massachusetts, in former times, were accused of practising against men's lives by secret arts. These sorceresses would make waxen images of such as they wished to remove from the world, and, by sticking pins into these, would torment the flesh of those they stood for, and, by slowly melting them before the fire, would cause their correlatives to pine away and die. But these adepts were branded as the worst of criminals, and were hanged or burned without mercy; whereas the more fatal sisterhood of our later days are exalted above all other women as excelling in Christian graces and in the favor of Almighty God.

The extent to which the dangers of such a Holy Alliance as this might reach is something alarming. If it should be a settled thing that these Fatal Sisters can indeed doom any one to death by the cruel might of their simple intercession, who can say that they would stay their avenging hands when they had freed the world from the theological monsters that lay it waste? Disagreeable husbands, unpleasant fathers, superannuated uncles and bedridden aunts might be disposed of by the easy and edifying process of a prayer-meeting. The vulgar appliances of the dagger and the bowl, by which afflicted ladies have sometimes disposed of the burdens of their lives, would be utterly superseded. A mere note asking an interest in the prayers of these devout ladies that such or such an impenitent sinner might be stopped in the course of his wickedness, would probably be all that would be necessary to secure his being removed out of the way. Strychnine, arsenic and prussic acid would become drugs in the market as well as in the apothecaries' shops. Such coarse and vulgar vehicles with which to convey marital, parental or avuncular inconveniences to another world, would become obsolete. Lucretia Borgia, Maria Brinvilliers, Madame La Voisin, Miss Blandy, the Veiled Murderess, and all the rest of that sisterhood, would be looked upon as bungling vovices belonging to a period of low art. It has been suggested that these ladies should be induced to use their powerful interest for some end of more obvious mercy, such as the abolition of Slavery. But such a suggestion could only proceed from an understanding darkened by sin and heresy. It would be an affront to these excellent women to ask them to offer up their petitions for an object which an eminent divine has publicly declared he should not dare to pray for, lest God should grant his prayers! But we must leave the topic, in spite of its temptations. We would merely say, in conclusion, that we have treated this subject with ridicule because that is the weapon appointed for the chastisement of grotesque blasphemies like this. We marvel that any man of sufficient intelligence to be set over even a religious newspaper, can fail to perceive in how low and degraded a light such simpletons place the Supreme Being, when they thus make Him the accomplice and the tool of their own folly, stupidity or malignity.—*Tribune.*

THE SOUTHERN INVITATION TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

When a Southern man writes a novel, the chances are nine in ten it is devoted to an illustration of the patriarchal character of slavery. If he writes a poem he is pretty sure to sing of plantation life. If he starts a magazine, be it a monthly or a quarterly, it is pretty sure to have for its great aim the elucidation of Southern theories touching the inferiority of the negro race. If he publishes lucubrations on political economy, he never gets beyond a demonstration of the advantages of forced labor. If he edits a newspaper, he devotes six columns a week to denunciations of Divine wrath upon all who think negroes worthy of their freedom. If you visit him, at his house, you have to give your opinion of the institution, and, if it be hostile, hear why you are wrong, before you get through your soup, on the first day.

A notable instance of the extent to which this mania has laid hold of even the best bred Southerners, and of how fast it is converting them, in spite of their numerous social charms, into unconscionable bores, has just been afforded in the invitation to visit the South which has been transmitted to the Prince of Wales through Lord Lyons, by a number of Southern gentlemen from different States now assembled at Washington. They could not perform even this slight act

advocates of slavery in all ages are stated with clearness and precision, and the eternal principles of justice and humanity are also stated with equal lucidness; affirming in the strongest terms the principle of universal brotherhood and equal rights of man, and prescribing that system of Scriptural ethics which, if carried out in its true spirit, would convert the earth into a paradise of inconceivable loveliness and glory. The various attacks on Dr. Cheever are then disposed of by arguments annihilating to the opponents of the pastor of the Church of the Puritans. The pseudo-sympathy of *The Independent* for its supposed shortcomings of Dr. Cheever is treated with that contempt and scorn which it deserves. The reply in THE STANDARD says, "*The Independent*, having buried out of sight in a flood of tears the Church of the Puritans and its controversy, seems suddenly to find relief in the contemplation of Dr. Cheever's visit to Great Britain. Smarting under the lash of British anti-slavery sentiment applied so unrelentingly by Dr. Candlish, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Buchanan, Mr. Batchelor, and others, it curiously forgets the occasion of the flagellation inflicted, and seeks consolation in the reflection that the 'great American Abolitionist who is about to appear before the British Churches and people is no pretender with lying lips, but one whose tone of anti-slavery sentiment is as clear, strong, high, and full as any ever uttered in the land of Wilberforce and Cowper.'" But *The Independent* qualifies this eulogium by the assertion that Dr. Cheever himself is only a production and representative of the genuine Christian anti-slavery sentiment of the United States! But what is the reason that his Church has for years been the scene of perpetual disturbance in consequence of his burning words against slavery, while other anti-slavery Churches, so called, have been at peace and flourished exceedingly? Why is it that Dr. Cheever has been deserted and denounced by the friends of slavery as a fanatic, while other anti-slavery ministers, so called, have retained their popularity and friends unimpaired? The gifted Henry Ward Beecher is surpassed by none in his powerful declamation against the unmitigated evils of slavery. His scorching eloquence exposes without any palliation the iniquity of the system of domestic slavery. But the brilliant minister of Plymouth Church has some redeeming qualities in the eyes of his pro-slavery friends and admirers in that his whole conduct as a man and a minister is not a continual protest against the enormities of the system. Every one will admit that the brother of Mrs. Stowe has created more sensation by his dramatic exposure of slavery than any other minister in America, but it is not by such means as this that the deep-rooted institution of slavery will be overturned. The meteor flash only breaks the gloom of night for a few brief moments, but it is by the steady rays of the sun that darkness is dispelled. It is the same with slavery. Occasional flashes of brilliant oratory will never overthrow a system founded on and supported by so many powerful prejudices and interests. For such a service the more sober qualities of consistency and perseverance are required. And it is for these that Dr. Cheever is maligned and denounced, while others as loud as he in their denunciations of the evils of slavery enjoy a popularity even with those whose principles they condemn. The plea that the slaveholders are the victims of circumstances, over which they have no control, is the defence urged by too many of the clergy of the United States; in fact, it forms their sole argument, if we except those who defend slavery as a Scriptural institution, and who are the most consistent of the two. But every friend of liberty and humanity deeply regrets that Henry Ward Beecher, who once gave such bright promise of being the uncompromising friend and advocate of Africa's fettered children, should now be found adopting a line of policy which, if it be not a compromise with the system he condemns, is at least so similar that it is impossible to distinguish the difference. Those of the American ministers who, like Dr. Cheever, despise compromise and subterfuge, and who, with the Bible in their hands, denounce evil whether in Church, or Court, or Congress, and who demand that the slaveholder be excluded from the Church and the slave be delivered from his chains, will receive in this country from the friends of Africa their sympathy and support. Dr. Cheever, by his visit to this country, will, without doubt, find himself strengthened and encouraged in the arduous struggle in which he is engaged.

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND.

DR. GUTHRIE'S TRI-CENTENARY DISCOURSE.

[We are indebted to a friend in England for a copy of the Edinburgh (Scotland) *Witness*, of August 15th, in which we find a sketch—evidently somewhat hasty and imperfect—of the Discourse delivered by the Rev. Dr. GUTHRIE, the most celebrated pulpit orator of Scotland, at the opening of the recent celebration of the Tri-centenary of the Reformation. His subject was, "Freedom, Spiritual and Secular." We copy a passage in which the eloquent preacher uttered a testimony against slavery—not forgetting the existence of the crime in the United States of America.]

THE Bible inculcates precepts which appear to me as inconsistent with social slavery, or with anything but social freedom, as prayer with sin. It has been well said that sin will put an end to prayer, or prayer will put an end to sin; and, so to me it appears that the blessed gospel will put an end to slavery, or slavery will put an end to it. What saith the Lord? "God hath made of one blood all nations." "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." You think there is nothing beyond that, but there is still a higher thing. "Love one another as I have loved you." I will sit in judgment upon no man; but I hardly think that the devil himself has sophistry enough to make any man, not given over to believe a lie, believe that these truths—glorious, humane, celestial, blessed truths—are for one hour consistent with a system of slavery. It is the invisible source of many cruelties, oppressions, adulteries, seductions, robbery, and murder, or, as worthy John Wesley said of it, it is the sum of all villanies. What doth God require of them—I am speaking of what the Bible requires—but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God? My dear friends, it appears to me, that from this and other passages we are taught that there is sin in slavery, as there is slavery in sin. Take the last words of our blessed Lord I have quoted. "Love one another as I have loved you." If I saw a man running for his liberty, I would open my door to him; and, more than that, if I did what was right, I would wash his blistered feet. My Lord set me the example of that; for when he had gone round and washed the circle of his disciples' feet, he said, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Don't tell me that the crime is old. The older it is, the more horrible. Like a dead body, the older it is, the more disgusting. Age is no excuse for the crime. Murder is older. Rocks, and trees, and man himself, grow venerable with age; but sin never. Don't tell me that men have lost their rights. Lawyers say that crown rights are never proscribed. Well, I don't know but these are better rights; they are my birthright, and cannot be proscribed. Don't tell me that it is an inferior race. Grant that it is—though I deny it, not only as a philosopher and a physiologist, but as a believer in Paul's inspiration. You say an inferior race: Paul says, "God hath made of one blood all nations." I say that the man who tampers so with the Bible is a worse enemy to Christianity than an infidel. But grant that they are an inferior race—I have learned for the first time that it is right to trample upon the weak, to oppress those who cannot defend themselves. Inferior race! Weakness may tempt a man, but cannot justify him for oppression, but rather aggravates it. I have spoken of this social freedom, because I feel it my duty to do so. Men may keep silence on it, and serve their own purposes; but God forbid that I should do so. Men talk about courtesy, and so on; but God forbid that I should ever make the pulpit anything else than the vehicle of truth. I will just conclude my remarks by saying, that any man who loves the Saviour, and values Protestantism—who loves the freedom of the mind and the welfare of souls—is, in my humble opinion, bound, in the face of God and man, to take that, and preach from it the truth about social freedom, as I have done. We are bound to blow the trumpet. What does the prophet mean by saying, "Cry aloud and spare not?" Does he mean to have us to forbear, and be generous, and not hurt people's feelings? "Cry aloud and spare not," say your bearded old prophets: "cry aloud and spare not;" proclaim from shore to shore, and from sea to sea. God's fast—the true fast. Go and tell what is meant by "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Who is thy neighbor? I will give you a definition of it, which I cut from an American newspaper:—

> Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
> Whose eye with want is dim,
> Whom hunger sends from door to door—
> Go thou and succor him.
>
> Thy neighbor? 'tis that weary man,
> Whose years are at their brim,
> Bent with sickness, care, and pain—
> Go thou and comfort him.
>
> Thy neighbor? 'tis them bereft
> Of every earthly gem:
> Widow and orphan, helpless left—
> Go thou and shelter them.

Shall I go on? Shall I give the full description of the neighbor? Thank God that I live in a country where I can do so with safety.

> Thy neighbor? 'tis you toiling slave,
> Fettered in thought and limb,
> Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
> Go thou and ransom him.

Truth is also the parent of political freedom. Those masters who wish to keep their servants in social bondage, and those subjects who wish to keep their subjects in political bondage, and those ministers or priests, by whatever name they are called, who wish to hold their people in religious bondage, these three classes—in other and plainer words, slaveholders, despots, and Popish priests—a goodly company, and well tied together—I say, the slaveholders, the despots, and the priests, in discouraging the spread of education, a free Bible, and the bold preaching of God's truth, are wise in their generation. They know that the Word of God and these things cannot stand together, and therefore they oppose its circulation. You will observe their policy: self-interest sharpens men's wits, and they know best what sustains their system. Liberty was born that night on which Christ was born—true liberty in all its senses and shapes. I would like any man to produce to me any nation that until then ever did enjoy a Constitution like ourselves. God be thanked for it, for the Sovereign that reigns over us, and for the happy attachment of our people to that Sovereign; and for our determination, as lately shown in this city, to stand by the liberties we enjoy—I say I challenge the world to produce any nation that ever had a Constitution till Christianity came in—a Constitution where citizenship is free to all men, whatever their caste or color—a Constitution where the tribunals of justice know no difference between the king and the beggar, the prince and the peasant, the rich and the poor—a Constitution where, take it all in all, society is a ladder on which the humblest man at the foot, with a strong arm, a good head, and a bold heart, may climb unto the topmost bough. The like of it was never heard of till Christianity came into the world. The Bible is the mother of it all—God's truth the parent of it all. I know men tell me about the Greek and Roman republics. Republics! How many slaves were there in these republics? "What's in a name?" It would not ease the limbs of a Greek or Roman slave to tell him that he lived in a republic. It's a mockery, and more than a mockery, to talk of liberty in republics like Greece or Rome, where slavery is really the tyranny of the many, in place of the one. This multiplied oppression; and it was a hydra-headed monster, if I may so speak. If there is only one despot, you have only one head to cut off; but where there are many heads to cut off, the work is more difficult. I am speaking, of course, figuratively; but I say it increased the difficulty, instead of making it less. What has Christianity done for us? I once heard a great French philosopher say that Great Britain owned all her greatness to her inexhaustible mines of coal and iron, which lie not at a great distance from each other, but in the same track, and often in the same field. It was all he knew about it. Coal and iron! What had coal and iron done for Britain?—Have they made her "Great" Britain—mother of nations, and mistress of the seas—the home of liberty, and the asylum of the oppressed—where peace sits crowned with plenty, and where the Sovereign has not the swords of the army, but where she has the hearts of her subjects? Coal and iron make Britain great? But what would coal and iron have done without the mind that has evoked their powers—without a people, moral, educated, and religious, without a deep appreciation of our liberty? We owe our greatness to the Bible. I believe that there lies our moral, our mental, our political, our religious liberty, and these are the foundations of our greatness. John Knox didn't suffer in vain. The noble band of martyrs whose dust sleeps in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, and many who sleep on a lonely hill-side beneath a stone rudely carved with a Bible and a sword, didn't struggle in vain. Why? Because they laid the foundations of my country's liberty deep, deep in the Word of God. Therefore we have a Sovereign in this land, but no slave; authority, but no oppression; we have rulers, but no tyrants; we have liberty without license, and religion without superstition; free trade, a free press, a free Parliament, free justice, free thought, the liberty for man to do what he ought, and not the liberty to do what he wills.

[During the delivery of the sermon, which was characterized by great energy and power, there were frequent bursts of applause, the audience apparently being unable to restrain their feelings.]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

JUST THIS ONCE!

THESE are the real "times that try men's souls." The souls of the men, that is, who profess to accept their duty to the American slave as the first moral and political obligation resting upon them as inhabitants of the United States. Public duties, unlike private ones, differ with climate and with latitude. In England, that which claims precedence of others may be the solution of the social problem which the immense inequalities of condition, created by the operation of her political institutions, has been complicating for centuries. In France, it may be to make ready for the moment, sure soon to arrive, when the clay feet of

> "The pagod thing of sabre sway,"

at which the nation now lies helplessly prostrate, shall crumble to dust and his front of brass be brought low, and to prepare to replace it with a government of some kind of limitations of law and responsibility to the people. In Italy, it may be to swell the ranks of the marvellous man

> "——whose name through Europe rings,
> Filling all mouths with wonder and with praise,"

and help him in his romantic career of conquest. But in this country, we have no pressing social enigma to unriddle, no usurping tyrant for the downfall of whose despotic power, purchased by noonday perjury and midnight murder, we must wait and pray, no shining career of arms to dazzle the imagination with immediate physical triumphs over despotism. An humbler task is that assigned to us—or, rather, a less conspicuous and brilliant one. The work given us to do is not the vindication of our own rights, or the rights of our own race or caste; but those of the most despised, outcast and rejected of men, consent to whose degradation has been made thus far in our history the test of fitness for National office. And it is to be achieved not by a swift victory in the field of battle, nor yet by an historic struggle of the champions of conflicting interests in the lists of the parliament house; but by the constant droppings of a perennial agitation that is at last to wear its way into the strong heart of this stiff-necked nation.

We knew all this when we begun, more than a quarter of a century ago, and made up our minds to it. And we have to thank God and take courage in view of the success we have already met with. Everything has gone, thus far, just as we expected and announced years ago. Only the progress of events has been swifter and History has made more haste than we had hoped or dreamed. When we prophesied in our Annual Reports, fifteen years or so ago, that the time must come when the parties would divide according to degrees of latitude, North and South, and that slavery must become the only dividing question of the nation, it was looked upon as the vainest of babbling and mere abolition moonshine. And yet we are on the eve of the second Presidential election of a strictly sectional character, and one in which the candidate who is sure of the largest vote, and almost sure of election, cannot receive a single electoral vote in a slave State. It is true that the issue is covered up and disguised so as to look as little like an anti-slavery one as possible; but the instinct of the slaveholders is never at fault where their system is concerned, and they recognize no difference between Lincoln and Garrison. He that is not with them is against them, and he that followeth not with them scattereth abroad. It is very true that there is a very wide difference between the position and opinions of those two public men. But it is the idea, first put forth in this country by Garrison, that slavery is a sin against God and man, under all circumstances, and therefore immediate emancipation the right of the slave and the duty of the master, that is really the vital spark which gives life and motion to the Republican party. A large portion of that party may not know it, but the slaveholders do. Through all the glosses that are put upon the issue that slavery shall not go into the Territories, political or politico-economical, they see at a glance, and they know these all rest ultimately upon the assumption that the relation of slavery is one contrary to the Law of God. If contrary to the Law of God, then, of course, it must come to an end, sooner or later, in peace or in war. So the present political conflict is really one as to the moral character of slavery, which is precisely the one set on foot by the Abolitionists, and which they are assured can have but one issue. And it is their specific business, their mission, if you prefer the word, to clear away the mists that party spirit and seekers for office seek to collect about the simple issue, and to keep it as distinct and unmistakable as words and actions can make it.

By "Abolitionists" we mean, of course, those who, at all times and under all circumstances, take that name upon themselves, as a title of the highest honor this country has to bestow; but particularly those agreeing in opinion with the American Anti-Slavery Society, as to the course which personal honor and moral rectitude require them to take, politically, under the existing Constitution of the nation, as they understand it. These Abolitionists hold that the ordinary legal construction of the Constitution, by the Courts and the people, is the true one. That it does recognize the existence, and undertake the protection, of slavery, to this extent, viz., that fugitive slaves shall be returned to their masters by some process either inherent in the Constitution or to be provided by law, that slave insurrections are to be put down, if necessary, by the whole power of the nation, and that three-fifths of the slave population shall be reckoned in favor of the slave States in making out the ratio of representation. Moreover, they hold that the Constitution forbade the abolition of the slave trade for twenty years, and that, under that clause, permitting, not enjoining, its abolition, it can be at any time made legal again by an Act of Congress to that effect. They hold that one taking office under an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, engages to do or to permit these things, if duly and lawfully called upon to do them, officially, and at least not to resist their doing by others in the course of their official duty. He being resolute never to help restore fugitive slaves, but contrariwise to hinder, as far as in him lies, such kidnapping, nor yet to help put down a servile revolution, should one break out, on the ground that such actions are crimes of the blackest dye, he cannot, of course, promise to do them. And what he may not do himself, he may not appoint another person to do for him. Therefore, he stands aside and demands a dissolution of a Union compacted by such conditions, and the formation of a true republic in which slavery and slaveholders can have no part. This course he does not take because it promotes Abolition; but because his own personal honor and veracity require it. The slave may demand all else of his friends, but not the breach of their oath or plighted faith.

Of course, we do not speak of that small class of persons who see no slavery at all in the Constitution, and no obstacle in the way of its abolition by Act of Congress. Nor yet of that larger number who affirm their right to construe the Constitution as they choose to understand it. Such persons stand on a totally different ground from us. But is there anything in the character of the Republican candidates, or in the platform on which they stand, to alter the action of those who receive the views of the Constitution above stated, regarding it as a well defined rule of action and not a shifting theory, and to justify them in voting for Abraham Lincoln? The temptation always comes round once in four years to make a single exception to vote for this or that excellent man. Harrison, Clay, Taylor, Fremont, have all canvassed the Abolitionists and urged the many advantages to the Anti-Slavery cause to be gained by voting for them. We hardly think that men who have resisted the wise charming of those charmers will be likely to be drawn away by Mr. Lincoln. Why should they? Is he not ready to do what is needful to enforce the Fugitive Slave law or to put down slave insurrections? Of course, he is; or he is not fit to enter the White House. For no one has ever heard him express a belief in the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution, or any doubt as to the duty of returning fugitive slaves. On the contrary, he has expressly avowed his opinion that they must be returned, and when he proposed abolishing slavery in the District, he also proposed making it the duty of the United States officials to arrest and return such. Should an insurrection break out, can any one doubt that he would apply all the power given him by the Constitution to put it down? No one has ever questioned, we believe, that he believes this to be one of the Constitutional duties of the President, and, we presume, no one doubts that he would discharge it. We are not disposed to treat Mr. Lincoln with undue severity. He has never pretended to be anything but what he now stands for before the nation. He was taken by the Chicago Convention, instead of Mr. Seward, precisely because he represented just as little Anti-Slavery as could be without being none at all. But, for all this, we admit that, if elected, he will be the most respectable President we have had since John Quincy Adams. We incline to believe that he will be no more pro-slavery in his action than he can help, and that he had rather not be pro-slavery at all. But we opine that that gives him but a small claim on the vote of an Abolitionist.

Of one thing we may be sure, and that is, that he will be soon tested. If any Abolitionist is inclined to vote, just this once, to help elect such an excellent President, let him make up his mind to one thing. Within six months from his inauguration, there will be slave cases got up in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, and all the principal Northern cities. The question will be settled whether he and his Marshals are to be trusted with the execution of the laws. And, we fear, there is but one way in which it will be settled. We shall look upon Mr. Lincoln's election as a calamity to the anti-slavery cause. The great party which can now be largely relied upon for sympathy and help for a fugitive slave reclaimed, may find a change come over it when such sympathy and help will be a censure on their own President and their friends, his officers. We fear the moral damage done to the anti-slavery cause will far outweigh any political good it may do it. The political situation for us to pray for is, that on the cards of the Bell-Everett faction—a defeat of everybody at the polls and in the House, and a Vice-President whom nobody wants, foisted upon the nation as its head! That would put matters in the best possible train for anti-slavery agitation and for Republican consolidation. But it is too good a thing to happen. The simple question, however, for every Abolitionist to ask himself, is, can I honestly do the things which I see demanded of one swearing to the Constitution? If nay, can I take office under it, or appoint another by my vote in my place? It is not a question of anti-slavery, but of individual integrity. It is a sacrifice, no doubt; but it is one that many men have had to make. A part in public life is a just object of ambition, if sought with noble ends; but it may be bought too dearly. The Dukes of Norfolk and the Earls of Shrewsbury were, for long years, from father to son, shut out of their hereditary rights of legislation merely because they would not renounce the Pope and acknowledge the supremacy of the King. The refusal to utter these trifling formulas kept O'Connell and Shiel half their lives out of the House of Commons. The English Dissenters, for near a century and a half, were deprived of their equal rights with their fellow-subjects for refusing to qualify under the Corporation and Test Acts. Why did all these men refuse so simple a ceremony? It did not contain half the words contained in the oath to support the Constitution. 'Twas as easy as lying. They put back the emancipations they desired by thus "hurting their usefulness." But they stood outside and clamored for admission to their rights, and, in due time, by their influence but not by their vote, they obtained all they asked. Let us likewise wait patiently, but not silently, and the time will come, it may be at hand, when we, too, can touch public affairs without soiling our fingers in the process. At any rate, let us hold fast by our integrity and our consistency. Without them, where are we?

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The Union Chapel Congregation (Prof. Mattison's) have secured three lots of ground in 41st street, near Sixth avenue, and have commenced the erection of a church edifice. It is to be of brick, in the Romanesque style, with lecture room and class rooms in the rear on the same level, and the whole to cost about $15,000, exclusive of the site. The main audience room will be 52 by 57 feet, with end gallery only, and will seat about 800 persons. Prof. Mattison is one of the most zealous and efficient opponents of slavery in the M. E. Church.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the Political Anti-Slavery Convention, held last week at Worcester, Mass., came a day too late.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY MINISTER PROSCRIBED.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. S. BELL.

WE have no room at present for comment upon the facts disclosed in the following letter, and must therefore leave it to speak for itself. It is, however, enough to say that we believe Mr. Bell to be an intelligent and conscientious man, who, for no reason except his fidelity in preaching against slavery as a sin, has been expelled from the pulpit by time-serving men. His case is another illustration of the pro-slavery spirit that dominates in almost every religious sect in the land, insomuch that ministers who would be faithful to those in bonds can be so only by exposing themselves to the perils of poverty and the loss of position in the Church.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Allow me to show, in the columns of your worthy sheet, how the cause of anti-slavery works in Brooklyn. You may have noticed in the papers an account of difficulties in the Methodist Protestant Church of Brooklyn, and also the discharge of their pastor. Permit me, as I am the pastor alluded to, to state a few facts concerning the matter.

First, then, let me say, that I am a Wesleyan Methodist minister, and have been serving the Methodist Protestant Church of Brooklyn, E. D., (Williamsburgh) from the 12th of March, 1859, until the 21st inst. That Church has but one organization, yet it has two church edifices, and two regular ministers. It is one regulation of the Society that these two ministers alternate each Sabbath. During my first year my labors were attended with a measurable degree of success, although there were strong objections to my anti-slavery sermons; and for the past six months these objections kept growing stronger and stronger, until, on the 21st, they became strong enough to cause my dismissal. Perhaps there may be a key to this in the following facts.

The minister, Dr. Bulger, who has been my colleague in preaching to these two Churches, for the past six months, has recently come from the South. In fact, he came but a few days prior to receiving his appointment here, on the 13th of last March. He stated, before the Methodist Protestant Annual Conference, that he was but recently from the South, and gave as a reason for leaving that part of the country, his opposition to slavery. He, however, incidentally stated that his wife had held slaves, and that, when they left the South, he sold his wife's slaves! I was in the Conference at the time, and heard him make this statement. I said to those around, that no man with the price of blood in his pocket could have my Christian fellowship. He heard afterwards what I had said, and has acted accordingly. On one occasion he became so exceedingly enraged at me for saying that he was a slaveholder when he was only a *slave-seller*, that he came to my house, and when I met him at the door, he refused to shake hands with me, but began to shake his fist under my nose, calling me "liar," "coward," "mule," "jackass," "Abolitionist," etc. Grace prevailed with me, and he went away without provoking me to quarrel with him. For some reason or other, he saw fit to offer his resignation, which was unanimously accepted.

Here is a synopsis of the remarks I made at the Quarterly Conference, on the 21st inst., when I received my dismissal:

Bro. Chairman: I propose to make a statement to this Conference of the difficulties now existing between myself and the Methodist Protestant Church of Williamsburgh. It is a well known fact to all present that I am an anti-slavery man. I have claimed the right as a man of honor, and more especially as a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ, to lift my voice against the shameful sin of slavery. My position before men and Heaven is, that American slavery is a sin—and if a sin, then I am bound, as a man of God, to warn the people against it. In preaching the word of life, it has been my highest aim to preach it in all its parts with its primitive simplicity. I have earnestly endeavored to make clear the pathway of duty on all the various questions that affect the eternal well-being of man. Following the divine word, I have invariably preached *love to God, and love to man.* I have spoken of the equality of men before Heaven—that "God is no respecter of persons." Again, I have spoken of the general equality of men as men—for "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." And I have preached against the crimes of man-stealing, man-selling, and man-holding. "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

Now, Bro. Chairman, for preaching on these subjects, I am called in question; permit me to say, therefore, in conclusion on this point, that I have not only regarded it as my privilege to exercise the right of "free speech," but I have felt it to be my imperative duty to preach against slavery as a sin against God, and a crime against man. Let me now call your attention to facts, for facts speak for themselves. On the 1st of January, 1860, the Rev. John Gregory, of Pittsburgh, Pa., preached in my pulpit, at my request, a sermon on "John Brown." Upon the enunciation of the theme, several of the members arose and went out. After the minister had concluded, I gave notice that in the evening I would preach on the general subject of slavery, and took for my text, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." For several weeks there was much excitement and discussion among the church-members and others. Some of the officers of the Church went to the Superintendent and lodged complaint against me for introducing and having introduced into the religious services of the Sabbath, such themes as "John Brown and American Slavery." The Superintendent labored with me on the point, insisting somewhat that I should cease agitating that particular subject. My reply to him was that I felt myself responsible to God for what I preached, and that, inasmuch as I did not receive my commission from men, neither could I yield it to them. There the matter ended between myself and the Superintendent. On the 3d of last June I preached to the Grand street Church from this text: "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." Ex. xxi: 16. After the services were concluded, and as I was passing out of the church, I saw evident signs of dissatisfaction. Many who were accustomed to shake hands with me and inquire kindly after my family, that day seemed not to manifest their usual interest in me, and when I had reached the street I found a number of the membership standing at the door talking together. One of them, a trustee, reached out and shook hands with me, and at the same time began to make dissentient remarks about the sermon. Others joined in with him in expressing their disapprobation of what they called political preaching. About a fortnight after this, while in conversation with the minister in charge, he informed me that there was much opposition to me in the Grand street Church, and many had said if I preached there again they would arise and go out. And in about two weeks from that time I received a note of dismissal from the Grand street Church. Who was it sent me this note? It was not a Society meeting, nor was it the Trustees, nor was it the Quarterly Conference that sent it. It was under the sanction of a few officers of the Church who came together without law or order—without rule or regulation, thinking, doubtless, that officers are amenable to no law or discipline. What right, I ask, have a handful of men to assemble in the capacity of the Church and thus interfere with me in my labors? What would be the result, if every dozen of members who became dissatisfied with things might call meetings and take action affecting the whole Church? You see there would be no end to the confusion that would follow. That note of dismissal that I received, and which emanated from an unlawful meeting, concluded with these words: "By order of the Board." Now, brother chairman, I understand from members of the Board that they recognize no such action.

Let me call your attention now, brother chairman, to the series of embarrassments under which I have labored for several months. Some time after I entered upon the duties of the present conference year, two or three of the brethren conceived the idea of having a certain minister alternate with me in my pulpit. For certain reasons I declined the proposition; thereupon these brethren demanded that I should change with other ministers, to give variety and interest to the meetings, when at the same time the Church had two, and sometimes three, different ministers on each Sabbath. The regular supply was two ministers, which is as many, if not more than any other Church in Brooklyn enjoys. Remember, if you please, the Church had always two ministers, and sometimes three, and yet some of the official brethren wanted more. On three different occasions I was invited to meet with the officials, when they stated that the interests of the Church required a greater variety of ministerial labor. They proposed that I should change more frequently with ministers in general, and one in particular. Aside from the very great injury these meetings had upon the cause of the Church and my own personal welfare, I ask you, brother chairman, whether it was lawful for a few or even all of the officers of the Church to call a meeting without the forms of our Book of Discipline, and enact measures affecting the whole membership?

Let me state to you and to this Quarterly Conference another movement. The Leaders and Stewards voted that I should receive only $400. What right, I would ask, have the Leaders and Stewards to say that my salary should be $400 only? Another complaint I have to make is that Thomas Scholy came forward at the close of a prayer meeting on the 3d inst., and, without any disciplinary form or call, convened a meeting and tried to excite a public expression from the people against me. Still further, the said Thomas Scholy presented to a Society meeting, held at Graham avenue on the 10th inst., a number of charges which were slanderous in their character. I complain of this to the Quarterly Conference for the following reasons:

1st. It was wrong to present them under any circumstances without giving me due notice and also a copy of the said charges.

2d. He presented the charges, and, after reading them, and before the meeting could take action upon them, he withdrew them.

3d. He would not give me a copy of them at my own request, nor would he even when the Society, *by vote*, kindly requested him to do so.

Again I have occasion to complain of the trustees for locking me out of the church, on the 9th inst., without any cause. I went, on that occasion, to preach as usual, but when I came to the gate before the church, I found it locked and the following notice on it: "There will be no services here this evening. By order of the Trustees."

Now, brother chairman and brethren, I make this defence and these complaints, not in the spirit of bitterness or retaliation, but in justice to my course of action and my character, which I prize above all money; and also as a key to the embarrassments under which I have labored for the past several months with the Methodist Protestant Church, of Williamsburgh.

Let me call your attention to a few facts connected with the transactions of that Quarterly Conference. Men who had opposed me very much in my anti-slavery preaching, on that evening backed down from that position almost entirely, and some of them even went so far as to say they agreed with me; but when the motion came up to continue me, they said, "Why, if we keep him, we will catch abolitionism worse than we ever did before." They spoke of "catching abolitionism" with as much dread as one would speak of catching the small pox. Another individual apologized for me, saying I was a young man, inexperienced etc., and that, when I grew older, I would know better. God forbid! I hope I will never get too old to know that slavery is a sin, and that it is my duty to preach against it.

Prior to my dismissal, they proposed to me to resign, saying that if I would do so, I would get $100, or $150. When this proposition was made to me, I said, "No, I have nothing to resign for." They thought otherwise, and therefore dismissed me after this fashion:

A vote on the resolution to continue the contract with Mr. Bell was lost, there being but one vote in favor.

On motion of Mr. Johnson, instructing the chairman to provide Mr. Bell with a certificate as to his good moral standing, as well as Christian and ministerial character, the following was adopted without any official contradiction of the statements in Mr. Bell's address:

"That whereas such are the circumstances and condition of things in the Williamsburgh station that the Rev. William S. Bell cannot be longer employed with usefulness among us, that we hereby dispense with his services for the future.

"Resolved, further, that his dismissal is not in consequence of any objections or objection to his moral or ministerial character."

The question will naturally occur to every man, "If you have no objection to Wm. S. Bell whatever, why do you dismiss him?" The reason why I will leave you, Mr. Editor, and other candid and intelligent men, to decide.

Williamsburgh, Sept. 26, 1860. WILLIAM S. BELL.

THE REPUBLICAN PLEDGE.

MR. JAMES O. PUTNAM, of Buffalo, the man whose name, with that of William Cullen Bryant, stands at the head of the Republican Presidential Electoral ticket for the State of New York, in a speech delivered at the great Ratification Meeting, held at the Cooper Institute, in this city, September 13th, thus plainly set forth the requirements of the United States Constitution in respect to slavery, and described the attitude and the recognized obligations of his party in regard to them. The italics are our own:

"The three-fifths representation in Congress of those holding the servile relation; the keeping open the slave trade until 1808; *the provision for the return of fugitives from labor, meaning escaped slaves*, with such other rights as the common law, then in force throughout the country, could invest that interest—these were the chief rights guaranteed and secured by the Federal Constitution to the institution of slavery. *These are the stipulations in the Federal bond which our fathers pledged New York in all time to come to maintain. She always will maintain them; she will never consult either her passions or her humanity, when called to discharge this sacred debt levied upon her honor.* Good faith is the basis of all human confidence, and of all free empire., And as an individual man, I unite with you in this canvass because *I find at the threshold of your organization a* SACRED PLEDGE *of your moral and political power to maintain inviolate the rights of the States*, leaving to them the amplest exercise of every right which, under the Federal Constitution, pertains to sovereignty; because *you have pledged the power of the Government*, if you shall ever be invested with it, to put down all unlawful invasions, from without, of the slave States, and to punish, as 'the gravest of crimes,' such forays upon their peace; because, furthermore, I find in the man who is to give direction to the policy of your administration of the Government, *a man whose every sentiment and act, in private and in public life, demonstrates his love of this Federal Union, and his fidelity to all the balances and compromises of the Constitution.* In the moral and political pledge which you gave to the world at Chicago, and in the character of your nominee, I find solid ground to stand upon. Nothing can jostle it, for it is anchored in Eternal Justice."

This is the "solid ground" (!) of the Republican party, according to the testimony of one of its acknowledged leaders, and on this ground it seeks the votes of "Conservative, Union-loving men." When Wendell Phillips described Abraham Lincoln as a "constitutional slave-hound," Republican papers and orators denounced him as a slanderer; what will they say to this testimony of Mr. Putnam, deliberately given in view of his responsibility as the yoke-fellow of Bryant at the head of the Republican Electoral ticket of the Empire State? Will they say that *he*, too, slanders Abraham Lincoln, and asperses the character of the Republican party, in declaring that they are "sacredly pledged," if they should obtain control of the Government, to aid the slaveholders in catching their fugacious "chattels"?

We commend the testimony of Mr. Putnam to those weak-kneed Abolitionists, if we may call them such, who are trying to persuade themselves that they may innocently vote for Mr. Lincoln, and that, in so doing, they will somehow aid the anti-slavery cause. They should ask themselves whether it is or can be right for those who profess to loathe the Fugitive Slave law as a piece of the devil's own legislation, to aid in putting into the Presidential chair a man who "*will never consult his humanity*" in weighing his constitutional obligations, and "whose every sentiment and act, in private and in public life, demonstrates his fidelity" to the "compromises" on which that diabolical statute is founded. If what Mr. Putnam says is true—and we see not how it is possible to impeach his testimony—then every vote cast for Abraham Lincoln will be a vote in favor of the Fugitive Slave law, and of its rigid enforcement at the pleasure of every Southern slave-hunter. It seems to us most humiliating to be called upon to offer arguments to restrain Abolitionists from such an act.

FROM A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

[EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.]

I read with scrupulous care, and digest at leisure, every syllable of the great controversy, *pro* and *con.*, that comes before me. Familiar as I am with the elements of which your society, in Church and State, is composed; understanding, as I do, every phase of the anti-slavery question, and having been called upon, again and again, to track the men who now are leagued to destroy the influence of Dr. Cheever, through all their sinuosities, and to lay bare their hypocritical pretences to be regarded as the sincere opponents of slavery, and in earnest for the purification of the Church, and the abolition of the system, they cannot deceive *me;* but I know, at the same time, they do deceive others, even the very elect. I understand their metaphysics, their subtle distinctions, their jesuitical interpretations, and wherein lies the whole difference between them and the man whom they now impudently represent as the product and representative of their Churches—Churches that have been, despite their resistance for a quarter of a century, compelled to assume a virtue which they no more possess in reality than they did at the beginning, nor so much, for they have become hackneyed in the practice of all the mean arts of the worst of politicians, and are constantly playing a game as assiduously, and malignantly working against a man who believes, and feels, and means what he says, and whose simple object is the abolition of slavery as a crime, and the holding up of the slaveholder as a criminal, no matter how rigid and unsuspected his orthodoxy as against Wright, Pillsbury, Parker, Garrison, or any other man they may please to denounce an infidel. It is the *principle* that slaveholding is *sin*—that the relation, however formed, and by whatever pretext maintained, is sinful, and that the Church, no matter what its creed may be, that in any way countenances the sinner, is a compromising and corrupt Church, degrading the doctrines of Christ down to the accommodation of the worst description of felons—it is this principle, and the honest action which its reception requires, that they oppose, and will oppose, until the people shall get before them, and, with consciences that have not been drugged out of the theological pharmacopœia of Dr. Bacon, shall indignantly denounce the organized hypocrisy of those who have debased the religion of the three first centuries to suit the mammon-worshipping spirit of the 19th, and live by preaching it.

I am earnestly hoping that Dr. Cheever will return in time for the Autumnal Meeting of the Congregational Union, and bring with him a body recruited by his ramble in Switzerland. His oration on the first of August was much abridged. As originally delivered, there was in it a very beautiful passage, descriptive of the essential principles of Garrisonian abolitionism, and its conformity to the spirit of God's law and the precepts of Christianity, in which Garrison was named, and these features of his inculcations spoken of as constituting his infidelity. The passage was much cheered."

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN NEW JERSEY

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON the first and second of September, Cumberland County was visited by Edwin H. Coates and Mahlon B. Linton, who held meetings, according to previous appointment, at Marlborough, Bridgeton and Shiloh. The people listened with much gratification to the speakers as they threw out broadcast the seeds of a pure anti-slavery, the fruit of which will doubtless be seen sooner or later. The people of Shiloh and Marlborough occupy a position with respect to the anti-slavery reform in

us cannot assert their "inalienable rights" without exposing themselves to the bowie knife or gallows. The Senate chamber itself is no sanctuary, even for Senators themselves. They are, even here, exposed to violence. Let any thoughtful reader weigh and digest the first paragraph of Mr. Seward's recent speech at Detroit, and mark well the bearing of the general facts there enumerated, and the tendencies and incipient results of the national selfishness, as affirmed in this paper, must force themselves upon his notice.

I hope in my next to advert to the affirmative of the general question now under examination.

BERIAH GREEN.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24th, 1860.

The Press of this city, in its issue of the 4th inst., contained a notice of the colored people of Philadelphia, which, from its friendliness of tone and some other characteristics not so creditable, seems to call for a word of passing comment in this correspondence.

Americans have an antipathy to the blacks, which they call Prejudice against Color. This prejudice, they say, is natural; some go so far as to say it is invincible. And in a certain sense it is both. By a law of our nature we hate those whom we injure, and that to the extent of the injury done; and until we do what we can to make amends for the injury, our repugnance is insuperable. The converse of this is equally true; we cherish good-will toward those we benefit—and the greater the benefit conferred, the greater the good-will. Every one of reflecting mind will have proof of this in his own experience. It is as true of nations as of individuals. The people of this country enslave and otherwise oppress the blacks; as a consequence, they cherish toward the whole race a mortal antipathy. The English, on the contrary, are the benefactors of the blacks, and their hearts warm to them accordingly with generous sympathy. Hence the scene that occurred the other day between Lord Brougham and Plenipotentiary Dallas in the Statistical Congress. Lord Brougham's speech and the applause which followed indicated the sympathies of *liberating* England; Mr. Dallas's blushing silence and the subsequent muttered curses of his countrymen showed the antipathy of *enslaving* America.

The two tyrannies of this country, slavery and prejudice, act reciprocally and perpetuate each other. And so great has been their united power that to many it has seemed that nothing but a direct interposition of Providence could undo their work. But this is a mistake, as events are proving. Truth is not only mighty, but, against error, omnipotent. No false doctrine, however specious, no false system, however deeply based, can withstand its power when duly presented.

Perhaps the greatest conflict to which Truth has ever been summoned—certainly the most apparently hopeless one its advocates have ever deliberately undertaken—is that presented in the anti-slavery enterprise. If the result should prove a victory, more glory will be shed upon Christianity than by any achievement of modern times; for none will have so clearly illustrated the superiority of moral to physical force, or so completely proved the adequacy of simple Truth to obstacles insuperable to all other appliance.

This prejudice of color has been *the* difficulty with which our cause has had to contend from the beginning—especially here, in the city of Philadelphia. It was the main incitement to the riots which prevailed from 1835 to 1838, culminating, as they did, in the destruction of Pennsylvania Hall. It was the justification of the assault on the colored people and their friends on the 1st of August, 1842; which assault, it will be remembered, was followed by an outbreak lasting three days, during which the mob had virtual control of the city, and for the suppression of which an appeal had to be made to the military.

Regarding this prejudice not as an instinct of nature, but as an accident of circumstances—not as a necessity to be submitted to, but a vice to be overcome—Abolitionists have brought to bear against it all the moral resources within their power. In doing so, they have incurred immeasurable obloquy and suffered some persecution. But their work has not been in vain. The condition of the colored people has been visibly elevated, and the prejudices of the whites, to an encouraging degree, overcome.

Don't think I make too much of a little. Our city, in respect to this question of complexion, is somewhat peculiar. We have a larger free colored population than any other city in the Union. Twenty-five thousand is the estimated number of our inhabitants of this class; and the proportion is probably the same in other parts of the State. The fact of the number being so large is accounted for by the humane policy of our forefathers. Manumitted and fugitive slaves flocked to Philadelphia from the neighboring States, and here found protection in the enjoyment of their natural rights. They were befriended by the people constituting the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, conspicuous among whom were Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Rush, William Rawle, and others of like social and political eminence. This flocking to Philadelphia—and it was the same to other parts of the State—was one of the causes which produced a reaction against the cause of emancipation. A hint to this effect is found in an address of the Abolition Society published in the year 1809.

"Hundreds of our fellow-beings in the neighboring States," says the address, "who bore with impatience the galling yoke of slavery, availed themselves of every opportunity that offered to claim the protection of our statutes. Even those who had obtained their freedom resorted to this city as an asylum where a repetition of the wrongs they had endured was not to be feared. Freed from the shackles, but not from the vices of slavery, those victims of inhumanity thronged our streets in search of employment, but too many of whom serve only to swell the list of our criminals and augment the catalogue of our paupers."

You will see, therefore, that the social difficulties growing out of this question of color are in this city especially aggravated. The political and commercial obstacles in our way, great as they are, are the small dust in the balance, compared with those arising from difference of complexion. This irrational, vulgar, but deep-seated prejudice has occasioned us more than three-fourths of all our troubles. For years it seemed proof against all the weapons of their armory. The more it was assailed, the more virulent, and to some, eyes, the stronger it became. But it was yielding gradually all the time, and now the signs of its decline are becoming visible to the most obtuse. What these signs are need not be here repeated; suffice it to say that one of the most significant, though by no means the most striking, is the article referred to, in the columns of *The Press* newspaper.

This article is in the form of a statement, drawn up by one or more of the *attachés* of the paper, who seem to have acted as a sort of commission to inquire into and report upon the condition of the colored people of Philadelphia. It bears on its face evidence of having been undertaken, both on the part of editors and reporters, with friendly intent. It is also evident, that the result of their inquiry was more favorable than was anticipated, and that the report falls below rather than exceeds the convictions of the writers. They did not dare tell the full effect upon their own minds of what they saw and heard. To have done so, would have been, in the estimation of some, to have confessed themselves Abolitionists and to have committed the paper to a defence of anti-slavery doctrines. While, therefore, they bear testimony, by the facts they cite, to the advanced and advancing condition of the colored people, morally and physically, socially and pecuniarily, they do it in a way and with qualifications to exempt them from the charge of framing an argument for emancipation. They talk strongly of the "degradation of the blacks as exhibited among some of the lower orders," and of their own "horror of amalgamation" as suggested by an instance encountered in their walks among the better classes; but at the same time, and apparently under cover of this strong talk, they admit, that low as the blacks are sunk in certain purlieus of the city, the whites in the same quarters are reduced to a point of degradation still lower; and that whatever were their objections to amalgamation in the abstract, the single case they met in practice did not present the revolting features they were prepared to witness. In fact, they were forced to acknowledge, as they do indirectly, that "after all, if amalgamation is to take place, it had better occur under the sanctions of lawful marriage."

The article is not an unexceptionable one. It is marked by a flippancy, and, in some of its parts, a coarseness, that must be distasteful to all right-minded readers. But, on the whole, it will do good; more good, undoubtedly, than a better articl published in one of our own papers. For it is not its style so much as the character of the paper in which it appears that gives its publication significance. The editor of *The Press* used to be, when conducting *The Pennsylvanian*, the most formidable opponent the friends of the colored man in this city had to encounter. Since the establishment of his new paper, he has pursued a different course, taking no direct part in the controversy. The present article is a departure from this policy. It denotes a change of mind and foreshadows a change of action. It is a word for the colored man, and, as such, a plea for the Abolitionists. It is a protest against prejudice, and to that extent an argument for emancipation. Mr. Forney may not so understand or so intend it; but he ought to have, and doubtless has, sense enough to know that when he or any other editor admits into his columns an impartial statement of facts in regard to the people of color, or on any other point at issue, he by that fact publishes an argument in favor of abolitionism.

The Press is the most spirited, and, at the present time, the most potential newspaper in this part of the country. It circulates largely among pro-slavery men at the North and slaveholders at the South. Hence the disposition manifest in the penny-a-liners and somewhat slangy style of parts of the article referred to, to cater to the prejudice prevailing among those classes of people. It would not do to go too far ahead of its cotemporaries. It is but a short time since *The North American*, the leading Republican or People's party paper of the city, contained an elaborate leader deploring the degradation of our free people of color, and asking in despair what should be done with them. In pleasing contrast with that article are the intent and scope of the present production in the columns of *The Press*. It is an imperfect, it is true, as well as a tardy act of justice to an injured class, but as we are in a condition to be grateful for small favors, and regarding this more as a promise for the future than a reparation for the past, we compel ourselves for the present to be tolerably contented.

I had something more to say before leaving this topic, but for want of room must defer it to another number.

M.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XL.

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: In my last letter I mentioned an illustrative anecdote relating to Serf emancipation which I had not room for. It is this. A good deal of interest is felt in England about the Woronzow family, from their intermarriage with the Earl of Pembroke of the last generation, and their acquaintance with this country, in which they have resided long and frequently. The two last Counts Woronzow have striven to obtain emancipation, and have, at times, believed themselves almost certain of succeeding, only to be the more grievously disappointed at last. One member of the family early in life secured for her name a place in history. She became by marriage the Princess Daschkow, the celebrated friend of the Empress Catherine, whom she, in fact, made Empress. It is no longer believed, as it once was, that the Princess Daschkow was implicated in the murder of the wretched husband of the Empress; and her memoirs are read under an impression of her being a sincere and upright woman, as well as a person of capital sense and high ability. She was early in disgrace at Court, after all her services to her friend the Empress; and her life was spent, for the most part, in the country, and, of course, among the serfs on her own estates. She was not rich; she was kind-hearted and serious-minded; and the serf question naturally engaged her thoughts. Much of her time, and much of her mind was devoted to plans of emancipation; and she knew that her Imperial mistress was appointing commissions and offering prizes for the same end. While the subject was perpetually talked of at Court and at St. Petersburg, the Princess paid a visit to Paris. The philosopher Diderot called on her there, one day, and began speaking on the fashionable subject of serf emancipation. The interest of the anecdote lies in the view taken of the matter by the Princess Daschkow. Time and experience enable us to see how and why she was wrong; but we see in her statement how the subject is regarded now in her country, and by a class of persons who can hardly surpass her in good will towards the injured laboring population.

Diderot condemned the slavery of the peasantry in Russia. The Princess told him that she had held his view in all its breadth, and had hoped to render her own serfs happy by rendering them (not free, but) "more free." She had discovered, however, that the only result was that the peasants found themselves delivered over helplessly to the mercies of—nominally the Crown, but actually—the corrupt officials who, in Russia, are always interposed between the Crown and every class of the nation. The wealth and happiness of the peasantry, she went on to say, were the elements of the entire prosperity of the Empire; and the sources of prosperity would be dried up from the hour when the bureaucracy should have power to meddle with the peasants, at present under the protection of their owners. Now comes the most curious part of the story—that she should have overcome Diderot's opposition by a parable like the following. She found it difficult to convey her meaning in plain language (a bad sign!) and she therefore described the peasant class, born into servitude, as a person born blind, and living in a very dangerous place, among precipices and torrents which hemmed him in on every side. By not seeing his danger, and not knowing his privation, the blind man lived happily, singing with the birds, basking in the sun, eating, drinking and sleeping. But one day an oculist removed the film from his eyes, and gave him sight. What he saw sobered his spirits. He became possessed with anxiety and fear, lost appetite and sleep, was absorbed in contemplating the precipices and torrents, "*which it was impossible to cross*," and died of despair in the flower of his age. Diderot is represented as intensely moved, if not convinced! We should put aside such a parable with the poetical defences of slavery which come out of your Southern States, as unworthy of serious comment; but it is worth notice now, because it is accepted as an illustration of the view of the best opponents of emancipation in Russia. They entreat that the letting in the light may be deferred to the last possible moment, that there may be no talk about precipices and torrents. The circumstance which deprives such opponents of the right to shelter themselves under even the folly of the Princess Daschkow of the last century, is that far graver dangers than can possibly attend emancipation must overwhelm the empire if emancipation is delayed. A wise observer could have told the Princess at that time that such was the case; but now the position is so aggravated that it does not need a particularly wise man to warn the whole nation of the abyss of destruction to which it is hastening, and of which the existing poverty and maladministration of the State are fearful symptons. After all the promises made to the serfs, they have been this year actually taxed in advance, in their capacity of serfs, and no step has been taken towards substituting willing and trustworthy functionaries for the tyrannical officials who are resolved against emancipation, and are more dreaded by the serfs and their owners than existing evils. "Perhaps the system may last my time," says the owner. "Save us from the police and the authorities!" cry the serfs. But the system will *not* last. The only safety is in removing the rogues and tyrants from office, and inaugurating the period of liberty by the appointment of fitting agents; and this is precisely what the Emperor will not hear of doing. If the Princess Daschkow were in Russia now, or looking on from Paris, she would cry out for the oculist to be quick, that the patient might try to make his way out from among the precipices and torrents before the earthquake should come to overthrow everything. Meantime, the Princess is quoted as the mouthpiece of sensible Russians.

When I had written thus far, fresh news arrived from Russia: no better than the last, I am sorry to say. The finance of the country has reached such a state of embarrassment that commerce is suspended at the two great capitals; and the pressure is so intolerable, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, that an absolute crash is considered unavoidable. Meantime, the Emperor appears to be absorbed in military affairs; and he menaces an irruption into the disturbed provinces of Turkey, under certain conditions. Neither he nor his brother of Austria can do much mischief in that way, for want of money. But, when one sees them employed in such schemes, it is really difficult to keep one's serenity. Russia contains boundless natural wealth. Her laboring class showed, in the wars of 1812-1815, how capable they were of patriotism, and, therefore, of liberty; and now, there they are still in a state of serfage! and the whole country and people are in a suffering and barbaric condition; and all for want of free labor, and the middle class which arises out of it! You will think I can speak of nothing but Russia; but the subject is extremely interesting at this time, when so many disclosures are taking place about that mysterious empire, and when so much of the fate of liberty in Europe depends on the ability of the despotic sovereigns to make or to sustain mischief. If intervention in Italy can but be prevented, each absolute sovereign will have enough to do in coming to an agreement with his own subjects, or taking the consequences. At this moment, it appears that the King of Naples has departed, and can do nothing but take refuge in Spain or Austria; that Austria will really do nothing unless attacked; and that the French Emperor is at last quiet. No one will say for how long; but the speeches of his tools and flatterers on occasion of the Councils General indicate peaceful intentions at present. Standing, as he does, amidst a circle of watchful eyes and ready bayonets, he can do nothing but wait. His neighbors will hardly relax in their vigilance for the rest of his time, whether it be long or short. Meanwhile, there is dreary evidence of the continued sinking of the spirit of his people. If you have read the speeches at these Councils General, you will have been struck with the grossness of the adulation of the Emperor—unequalled, I should think, between Pekin and Paris; and the same tone has been taken by the citizens of the towns, and the spokesmen of the peasantry, wherever the Emperor has passed. It is difficult to believe that they ever knew what liberty was. But they always did prefer "glory" to liberty and the welfare which belongs to it; they have been told, by a corrupt press, that the Emperor is the man to give "glory" to France; and so they have arrived at telling him that the weather was bad, and their harvest spoiled, because the light of his countenance was shining elsewhere.

We observe that transatlantic newspapers are fatiguing themselves in discovering and displaying the reasons of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada. It is even said that he is to rule over a union of British colonies in that part of the world, etc., etc. The simple truth is, that the people of Canada sent a cordial and gratifying invitation to the Queen to go and see them, and to open their great bridge. The distance, and the existing state of Europe, rendered it impossible for the Queen to go; but she met the cordiality halfway by proposing to send her son and heir to represent her. This is too simple an explanation, perhaps, to suit very ingenious people; but it is the truth. If it is thought over-confident to make such a declaration, let it be remembered that such a scheme as is announced must be proposed by the colonial, and sanctioned by the British parliaments, before there can be any intention at all, or any connection of the royal family with the project. Certainly, the parliaments have heard nothing of it yet. An individual member or two may have thrown out a suggestion of the sort, after the pacification of Canada; but no such arrangement seems to be wanted at present.

I am one of those who think that domestic affairs are not a proper subject for newspapers. There is a case, however, in which justice seems to require a few words of testimony. A letter was some time since circulated in American newspapers, and copied thence into English journals, in which a man who has the ear of the public brought charges against his dumb and defenceless wife. The case being one for a demand of fair play, and the wife having many friends in your country, I feel it right to say that old family friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, who have known Mrs. Dickens through her whole married life, up to the present hour, entertain towards her an unaltered respect and regard.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS....No. XXI.

September 6, 1860.

SINCE my last letter, I have made a long journey through Germany; the whole country is in a state of excitement, and the fear of a general European war has entered all minds. Governments are preparing for the great struggle. Prussia has doubled her army, and one hears of nothing but rifled guns and improved artillery. The shooting societies, which always existed in Germany, are organizing themselves for military purposes, and in a few days there will be a grand shooting match in Cologne for all the bands of Germany. There is a fear all along the Rhine that the French Emperor will seize the next occasion for annexing these provinces, as he has done Savoy and Nice. But he will not find it quite as easy a work. Already, Prussia and Austria, notwithstanding many reasons of enmity, have united together, in order to be ready for any external attack. I happened to be in Toplitz a few days after the interview between the Prince Regent and the Emperor of Austria. A more lovely place you could not imagine; it is situated at the foot of that extended ridge of mountains, named the Erz-Gebirge, which divides Saxony from Bohemia. In the distance, this huge mass of mountains rises like a high wall, covered with thick pine forests; here and there an old tower rises over the highest part of the mountains. Nearer the town are other mountains, of a more picturesque character, formed of volcanic rocks. The Schlossberg, the nearest of them, is of very easy access, and affords on its summit the most splendid view of the great basin of Bohemia, which, surrounded as it is with mountains on all sides, must appear to inhabitants of the moon, if there are any such creatures, as the great crater of our satellite appears to us. Toplitz, being a bathing place, is full of elegant visitors; among the number this year were many Austrian officers, wounded in the Italian war, and completing their cure in this delightful little town. The interview of the two sovereigns had created much excitement in this usually quiet place; the Prince of Prussia had shown himself peculiarly civil to the wounded Austrian officers, and had told them that the time might come when the two countries would, perhaps, have to fight together for the sake of Germany itself. I will not tell you what happened between the two sovereigns, since I am ignorant about it, though many people have done so who did not know any better than myself; but I will only judge the interview by its purely exterior character. Prussia had refused to support Austrian tyranny in Italy, and had remained neutral during the Italian war; after the peace was signed, the young Austrian Emperor wrote a manifesto to his people, in which he denounced what he called the treacherous conduct of Prussia, and represented himself as having been abandoned by his natural allies. In the interior affairs of the Confederation, Prussia has always, since the Prince Regent has taken the power in his hands, taken a liberal course in opposition to Austria; and the Parliament of Berlin has heard more attacks against the despotic policy of Austria in the last year than it ever did before. Nevertheless the proud Emperor of Austria had to come to Toplitz, and to offer his hand to the Prince Regent, in the face of all Germany, and to ask for his counsel in the terrible crisis in which the Austrian empire is now entangled. The Prince, it is said, told him there was no remedy for Austria but to enter sincerely into the system of reform, and to grant constitutional liberty to the people. Austria is certainly making some efforts in that direction; in Italy, she assumes a passive attitude, instead of that spirit of aggression which proved so unsuccessful; in Vienna, the Emperor has intrusted his enlarged Council of the Empire with the charge of preparing a plan for a constitution—not an easy work in such a country, with so many different races, and such a powerful aristocracy. The Hungarian and Bohemian magnates are very impatient of any control on the part of the central government; they claim a complete separation of all the States, each with its own administration and laws, and wish to reduce the imperial and federal power to a mere form. By their influence with the country people, and by making constant appeals to the feelings of nationality, they have succeeded in making the work of the Austrian administration almost impossible. After I have said that this administration is very brutal and very troublesome, it is only fair to add that it is generally working in the interests of the lower classes against the high nobility. It must be remembered that the serfdom in Austria has only been abolished since 1848, and that the aristocracy keeps still enormous privileges; and what power they have still in hand, the great landed proprietors wish to keep, and for this purpose separate governments, where they would have the upper hand, would be preferable to the system of centralization. As no good work can be done anywhere without due consideration to all the elements in hand, I think that the best plan would be to give to Austria a federal government, where all the local influences could find their proper place, but to secure for the whole monarchy the unity of legislation. If this is not done, some of the provinces will soon return to a perfect state of feudal barbarism. The next good thing, after a suitable Constitution, would be to abolish the Concordate and destroy the privileges of the clergy. Wherever you go in Austria you see the hand of the Jesuits. They have almost spoiled that magnificent city of Prague. Imagine the most superb-looking feudal place, with almost a forest of Gothic towers and spires, narrow streets ascending and descending steep hills, the magnificent Kradshin, with the imperial castle and the old cathedral. The Jesuits have filled the nave of every Gothic church with gilded altars, Madonnas painted in blue and pink, ex-votos of the most outrageous character, horrible statues of saints with crowns of flowers on their heads. You meet them in all the streets, too; at every house's corner, and over the doors; the massive bridge which joins the two parts of the town bears on every pillar colossal statues of the Jesuitical saints, in that rococo style which seems to have been the beau ideal of the Congregation. The contrast between the severe beauty of the town, its quaintness, its high air of antiquity, and this Jesuitical superfœtation of ornaments, has, to an artistic mind, something almost unbearable. In the confectioners' shops you see nothing but bleeding hearts of Jesus and Mary in sugar, the cross and the emblems of the crucifixion in chocolate, *et tutti quanti*. After the *dévotion aisée* which excited Pascal's wrath, they have invented the *dévotion sucrie*. Notwithstanding the Jesuits and the worst government, Austria is improving rapidly. I attribute it to the abolition of serfdom and to the opening of the railroads. I think I am not much mistaken if I prophesy that in twenty years the prosperity of Austria will be tenfold what it is now. The country is magnificent, and, when once the peasants become proprietors all over the country, will yield infinitely more than it has given till now to the *dead hand*, as we say (*la main morte*), of the clergy and aristocracy.

THE CAUSE IN THE EMPIRE STATE.—Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, of Rochester, in a letter to *The Liberator*, describing the recent Reform meeting at Ellenville, takes occasion to speak of the state and prospects of the anti-slavery cause in this State, as follows:

"If my letters were not already so long, I should be tempted to say something in reference to the condition of our cause in New York generally. I know there has been some considerable labor done and much money expended, but not as much of either, I believe, as in Massachusetts. The size and situation of the State make it an exceedingly important one, and I think to-day she is, in some of her statutes, greatly in advance of any of her sisters. I have supposed that Massachusetts would be the first to defy the Federal Government, by refusing to send back escaped men and women from slavery; and perhaps I should more rejoice, in such a step being made in that State first, than in New York, because I love Massachusetts as my own native State, and it would gratify my pride to see her lead in enacting statute laws of humanity, as she has already led in science, literature and art. But I would be just to the State of my adoption, and so must say, that, considering the labor expended upon her, she has done excellently well.

"I hope we may have a very thorough campaign the present season. I am glad that Mr. Powell has already commenced a field work. He is engaged this week in this region, together with myself, and next week we go into Sullivan County, where, even less than in Ulster County, has the true gospel of liberty been preached."

We agree with Mrs. Colman that the state of public opinion and feeling in this Commonwealth is such as to invite and encourage the Abolitionists to put forth their most strenuous efforts for the diffusion of anti-slavery light during the present fall and approaching winter. If the American Anti-Slavery Society had the means to increase its lecturing force at this juncture, we are confident that it might do a great work in this State.

The Independent, incredible as it may seem, has for once outdone itself in effrontery! For proof see the article we have copied from its columns in the Pro-Slavery department this week. The proposal of that journal to send a deputation from the American Churches to England, to "arouse public sentiment there to some determined action against the recent encroachments of slavery," and to "recall our English brethren from their lethargy on this subject to the manly tone of fifty years ago," is certainly the most refreshing example of Pecksniffian hypocrisy and assurance that we have lately seen. A deputation of Hardshell Baptists from the South-west to rebuke New England for lack of zeal in the missionary cause, temperance, etc., or of the mock-auctioneers of New York to the merchants of London, Liverpool and Paris, to inculcate the importance and value of commercial integrity, would scarcely offer a fitter target for the world's satire. Imagine, for instance, Dr. Kirk and Dr. Bacon, with a couple of laymen to match, going over to England as representatives of the "Evangelical" Churches of America, to rebuke British Christians for their want of zeal in the anti-slavery cause! The bare suggestion, if it could at one and the same moment strike the minds of all who are capable of appreciating it, would raise a simultaneous shout of laughter of sufficient volume to drown the roar of the Atlantic.

FALSE REPORT CONTRADICTED.

NEW YORK, September 22, 1856.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Sunday Mercury, some weeks ago, had this announcement, viz.:

"THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator* have been excluded from the rooms of the New York Young Men's Christian Association."

I have this day visited the Rooms and found both papers regularly on the files. The Association could not, consistently with its *Christian* name, do such a petty, unworthy thing. By publishing the above, you will greatly oblige,

S. L.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE AND BOOK DEPOSITORY.

AN office, for the sale of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Anti-Capital Punishment, Peace, Spiritual and other publications, has been established at No. 15 Steuben street, Albany, N. Y., near the Delavan House. A general assortment of stationery will be kept on hand for sale on the most favorable terms. Subscriptions for *The Liberator*, NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Anti-Slavery Bugle* (Ohio), *London Anti-Slavery Advocate* and *Herald of Progress*, will be received.

Contributions are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, sustaining Lectures, publishing Tracts for gratuitous distribution, etc., etc.

Donations, Orders for Books and Tracts, and communications relative to anti-slavery and other reform meetings in different parts of the State should be addressed to the general agent,

LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y.

Committee.

S. J. May,	M. C. Wright,	A. M. Powell,
P. H. Jones,	G. E. Baker,	L. Mott.
S. B. Anthony,	E. C. Stanton,	

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Public Hall, at Kennett Square, Chester Co., on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 25th and 26th of October.

The advanced position of our anti-slavery movement, and its increased importance as an element in the politics of the country invest the enterprise, at this juncture, with especial interest, and expose it to peculiar dangers. Guided by wise counsels, no apprehensions need be entertained of its final and not distant triumph; but made to serve the ends of party leaders, or conducted, even in good faith, on the basis of a mere outward expediency, a calamitous issue must be the inevitable result.

To guard the cause against the perils which beset it, and, at the same time, afford it all the facilities needed for its promotion, will be the business of the Society at its approaching meeting.

We invoke a full attendance of our members and friends, and invite the presence and cooperation of all others sincerely favorable to our object.

It affords us pleasure to state that the honored pioneer of our cause, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, has signified his intention to be with us.

By order of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

AARON M. POWELL will attend a series of Anti-Slavery meetings, as Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, upon LONG ISLAND, and in Westchester County (N. Y.) from October 1st till the 10th. He may be addressed during that period, *Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York, care of Oliver Johnson.*

Summary.

The father of the venerable Josiah Quincy was named Josiah. His oldest son is also named Josiah. The oldest son of Josiah Quincy, Jr., is named Josiah, and his oldest son is Josiah. Thus four Josiahs, lineally descended from the father of President Quincy, are still living. Josiah Quincy of New Hampshire, who has filled several prominent offices and is the leading lawyer in that State, belongs to the same stock.

Mr. Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch, of Boston, has just performed a deed the mention of which is its highest praise. He has endowed sixteen scholarships in Harvard College, each having an annual income of $250. They are to be bestowed year by year on young men of limited means, who give promise by their conduct and devotion to their studies of future usefulness and distinction. This makes the number of scholarships in Harvard thirty-two, with an annual income of $7,800.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN OHIO.—*Cincinnati, Sept. 23, 1860.* On Thursday last, the United States Marshal, accompanied by two deputies and eight or ten men, went to Iberia, Morrow County, Ohio, with warrants to arrest three slaves, brothers, who ran away from Germantown, Ky., about four months since. One negro was captured by the Marshal. After an examination before Commissioner Newhall, he was remanded to the custody of his former master. One of the deputies was set upon by a crowd of 60 or 70 negroes and white men, armed with guns and pistols. His clothes were torn off, his warrant and money taken, and an attempt made to hang and then shoot him. After cutting his hair short he was allowed to depart without the negro. The other deputy was fired upon when attempting to arrest the third negro, and returned the fire, shooting the fingers off one of the rioters, but was obliged to leave without securing the prisoner.

A MAN SENTENCED TO BE HUNG FOR CIRCULATING THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Some time since, a very respectable and well-known citizen of St. Louis, named Henry A. Marsh, established a news depot at some point in Texas. Subsequently, he established other depots in Camden, Ark., and Memphis, Tenn. A few weeks since, he received an order at his Camden depot for fifty copies of *The New York Tribune*. As a matter of business, Marsh undertook to fill the order, and the package arrived in due course of time, while he was away at Memphis. It having been noised about Camden that *The Tribune* was about being circulated, through the medium—indirectly, however—of Mr. Marsh, a committee of three men were appointed to go after Mr. Marsh, and bring him back to Camden. Accordingly, they proceeded on their mission, and, one night, captured their unsuspecting victim in Memphis, and conveyed him on board a steamer, and locked him in a state-room. The captain of the boat, on learning their intention, refused to convey the party, and they were obliged to convey their captive across the river in a yawl. Arriving in Camden, Mr. Marsh was arraigned on the charge of circulating seditious and incendiary documents, was convicted and sentenced to be hung. Time was, however, given him to send for his wife, and permission granted him to procure from citizens of St. Louis a certificate of former good character, respectability, and loyalty. The wife of Mr. Marsh arrived in this city, en route for Camden, and is stopping at Barnum's Hotel, awaiting the completion of a petition already signed by many well-known citizens, of all political parties, for the relief of the unfortunate man, whose only crime is embraced in the faithful discharge of his business relations. Mrs. Marsh will leave for Camden to-day with the petition, numerously signed, with the heartfelt prayer of the citizens of St. Louis for the safety of her husband from the hands of his fanatical fire-eating captors.—*St. Louis Express.*

MARSH NOT HUNG.—It will be remembered that we some time ago gave the particulars of the kidnapping of a man named Marsh, wherein he was forcibly taken in a skiff to Arkansas. This morning, Marsh returned to this city safe and sound, but looking decidedly the worse for wear; and from him we learn the sequel to this heretofore mysterious affair. He states that upon landing on the other side of the "big creek," he was hurried across the country to Camden, Arkansas, and lodged in jail. A day or two after his arrival there, he was taken out and tried on the charge of being an Abolitionist, and also for being in complicity with Texan incendiaries, but the charge not being sustained by direct testimony, he was discharged from immediate custody, with an admonition to make himself "scarce" as soon as might be. He accordingly struck a bee line for Memphis; and, as before stated, arrived here this morning.—*Memphis Argus, 18th.*

Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls from Another World" has been one of the most successful books of the season. Above six thousand copies have been sold in this country, and the author has taken advantage of a visit to England to prepare a new copyright English edition revised, with additional matter, which has just been brought out by Messrs. Trubner & Co., with every prospect of its meeting with a large demand. The three leading literary men in England at this moment, Dickens, Thackeray, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, are all very much interested in the spiritual manifestations, etc., to which the book relates. Dickens's frequent testy and impatient allusions to the subject show its prominence in his mind; while Thackeray, to judge from the prominent position given in the "Cornhill Magazine" for August to the article "Stranger than Fiction," must be desirous for its investigation. Both these gentlemen have expressed to Mr. Owen their gratification at the tone and spirit of his book.—*Tribune.*

THEODORE PARKER.—The question is frequently asked—Was Theodore Parker a Christian? The answer will of course differ according to men's various, and widely different, appreciation of Christianity. Those who take the lowest and poorest view of it will necessarily answer in the negative. Those who take the highest view will, as necessarily, answer in the affirmative. And the number of those who give this juster answer will increase with the increase of true knowledge and true religion. We are not to leave this noble name, Christian, to the exclusive use of those who misuse it, who magnify its letter at the expense of its spirit. The perfect fruit should be credited to the germ; the engines of the Great Eastern should be credited to the inventor of the first steam engine; and Jesus Christ is to be associated, in our grateful remembrance and veneration, with the highest truths, and the most widely beneficent reforms, which shall hereafter develop themselves from the great truths He taught.—M. D. CONWAY.

AN EDITOR'S EXCUSE FOR NOT SERVING AS A JUROR.—Mr. Oliver Johnson, the editor of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, having been summoned as a juror in the Supreme Court, presented the following reason for being excused from service, endorsed on the back of the summons:

"The within-named party asks to be excused from the service to which he is herein summoned on the ground that he is held by public opinion to be crazy, forasmuch as he is editor of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, [illegible] which advocates the immediate abolition of slavery peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, and the peaceful dissolution of the American Union as 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.' OLIVER JOHNSON.

"Sept. 18, 1860."

This excuse was returned to the Clerk, and afterwards handed round within the Bar. As Mr. Johnson was not excused, however, we suppose it must be considered that strong anti-slavery sentiments are not deemed in the Supreme Court necessarily amounting to insanity.—*New York Times, 20th.*

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY ILLUSTRATED.—A Mobile paper has the following:

"We learn that a full grown and blown Haytien, black as ebony, and bearing extraordinary powers from the august Geffrard of Hayti, made his appearance in Mobile yesterday, and attracted considerable attention. His business here was to promote the emigration of free negroes to Hayti, and he represented that a vessel was in readiness to transport such emigrants thither as might choose to avail themselves of the opportunity. We understand that the agent waited upon his Honor the Mayor, who politely directed him to his Worship the Sheriff of Mobile County, who informed him that the laws of the State of Alabama did not recognize or look favorably upon the objects of his embassy, and advised him that a speedy departure from within the limits of this Commonwealth would probably best comport with the tenor and spirit of the statutes thereof. The Haytien improved the hint, made his way, under escort of the Chief of Police, to the mail-boat, and by the time this reaches the eye of the reader, will probably be in the Crescent City."

WELCOME TO JOHN B. GOUGH IN BOSTON.—The Tremont Temple was crowded last evening to its utmost capacity by the friends of temperance who had gathered to extend a welcome to their eloquent champion, Mr. John B. Gough, on his first appearance in this city since his return from Europe. The meeting was called to order by Rev. Henry M. Dexter, of this city, who stated that Mr. Gough was here at the solicitation of over 500 clergymen, who wished the cause of temperance to receive a new and fresh impetus from the eloquence of his lips. The mention of the name of Mr. Gough and his appearance on the platform, was greeted with immense applause. He was then introduced to the audience, and was received with a perfect outburst of applause, which concluded with three hearty cheers, which were called for by Rev. Dr. Kirk, who gave the "hip! hip!" and led off. Mr. Gough then proceeded to express his thanks for the very kind and cordial welcome which had been extended to him, and then continued in a discursive, rambling, entertaining, pleasant, pathetic, humorous, familiar and most eloquent address, in which he detailed much of his experience in England and Scotland, and leading all his audience quite away with him by the moving pathos of his relations. He closed with an appeal to Boston men to go on and overthrow the dramshop, and announcing his intention to devote himself to the crusade.—*Boston paper.*

AN INVENTION FOR MILKING COWS.—Among the feats of ingenuity performed by our countrymen is the invention of a machine for milking cows, lately patented by L. O. Colvin, of Fulton County, in this State. Whoever has read the account, given some years since in the *Knickerbocker*, of the Penstattic Hen-Persuader, will find the marvellous properties of that imaginary instrument almost equalled by the real one of which we speak.

Four sockets receive the four teats of the cow, and the operator, seated beside the cow, with the pail between his knees, works two small air-pumps, one on each side, which drain the teats by a process like that of nature, drawing but the milk, and releasing the teats alternately, by short intervals of suction. This method has the advantage of the common one in cleanliness, and a still greater advantage in expedition, for it milks three cows, at least, in the time which would be needed for one if milked by the hand.

A friend who has tried the instrument on his own cows assures us that the experiment was highly satisfactory. The animals did not seem to be incommoded by its operation, or to dislike it any more than the usual way.—*Evening Post.*

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH FIVE RUNAWAY NEGROES.—On Thursday night last five negro men, who belong to a Mr. Small, of Panola County, passed by Abbeville, and after proceeding a short distance killed a goose and went into a dense undergrowth thicket, kindled a fire, and proceeded to pick it. A young man named Barry, who lives at Abbeville, in company with another man whose name we did not learn, saw the negroes when going up the track, and, after arming themselves with pistols, followed after.

Through the thicket they saw the fire the negroes had kindled, and as noiselessly as possible crept up toward them. When within about fifteen steps of the camp, Barry tramped on a stick which broke with a crack the negroes heard. They all simultaneously broke in different directions; one of them, the leader of the gang, unconsciously ran right to Barry, who, supposing the negro intended to fight, fired at him, when he wheeled, ran a few paces and fell. It is said that several other shots were fired after the flying darkies, but with no other effect than to tree one and capture another on the ground.

The wounded negro was taken up and brought to the Abbeville depot, where his wound was examined. The ball penetrated his body and lodged in his lungs. The wound is terrible, but he was not dead at last accounts. The negro who went up the tree crawled down, and voluntarily came back to Abbeville. One of the two others was captured near the spot the night afterwards, while the fifth was at large at last accounts.—*Oxford (Miss.) Mercury, Sept. 13.*

THE WILL

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SUMMONS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My ear is full of summer sounds,
With summer sights my languid eye;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
And in the noontime shadows lie.

The wild bee winds his drowsy horn,
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,
The long, green lances of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,
A deeper sound that drowns them all—
A voice of pleading, choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears,
The Macedonian cry to Paul!

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;
I know the word and countersign;
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reed's accord,
When laggard Time the hour has tolled
For true with false and new with old
To fight the battles of the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
With power to match the will and deed!
To him your summons comes too late,
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,
And has no answer but God-speed!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

EDWARD JORDON.

The Queen of England has recently honored herself by conferring an unexpected honor upon one of the officers of her Colonial Government; an honor such as never before was given by any British sovereign to such a British subject.

In the island of Jamaica, there has lived during the last sixty years a man whose life both in private and public has been singularly disinterested, unselfish and heroic; who, in the beginning of his career, gave evidence of fine literary abilities; but who earned his first title to the gratitude of good men, not by these, but by advocating, at the hazard of his life, a great and noble cause, in behalf of which, in the days of its early struggles, he brought upon himself an indictment for high treason and narrowly escaped the scaffold; and in behalf of which, during the more prosperous years which have succeeded, he has labored incessantly for a more complete recognition before the world of the social and civil rights of his own race. He is an old man, who has seen much service, and on whose gray head has now graciously fallen, from the Queen's hand, the honor of knighthood.

A West Indian correspondent gives us a biographical sketch of this venerable public officer, which we print below. We only add here that he is a negro; one of the same blood with those whom our Chief-Justice declares to have no rights which white men are bound to respect; one of the same material of common human nature with those who are bought and sold as merchandise in Richmond and New Orleans; one who has no more title to be called a man than if he had come from Congo in a slave ship; but, at the same time, one whom the Queen of the first empire of the globe has found fit to welcome to the circle of her nobility, and whom the peers of her realm—styled "the first gentlemen of Europe"—are made to recognize as their equal, and to salute hereafter as Sir Edward Jordon, Knight of the Order of the Bath.

Edward Jordon is the son of Edward Jordon. The father kept a sweetmeat and pickle establishment. Young Jordan, after leaving school, commenced life as a clerk in a clothing establishment. At that time politics began to run high. The free colored people looked for their social and political rights. Mr. Jordon caught the flame about 1826; he associated himself with Robert Osborn, also a young man, and a practical printer by trade. These, aided by able writers, started a weekly paper called *The Watchman*, in the interests of the colored people, with the avowed object of procuring their political rights.

Among the many shameful disabilities the colored people labored under, was that no man could transmit to his colored offspring a legacy exceeding £1,200, in order to keep that class of people impoverished and dependent. Jordon and Osborn, with their coadjutors, obtained all the political privileges they could desire for the class of colored people to which they belonged, and now turned their attention to the unconditional emancipation of the enslaved colored race within the British West Indies.

A committee of twenty-five substantial colored men was formed for that purpose. The whole of them are now dead except Hon. Richard Hill, a man of almost European reputation, being well known as the author of the Ornithology of Jamaica, together with Mr. Gosse, Hon. Edward Jordon, James Taylor, the senior member of the Jamaica House of Assembly, and Mr. Escoffery. They made such an impression on the dominant party that they secured the advocacy of Mr. Richard Barrett, one of the largest landed proprietors in the island, who subsequently became Speaker of the House of Assembly.

Shortly after the second French Revolution in 1830, while Mr. Jordon was absent from Kingston, an article appeared in *The Watchman*, holding up to the colored people the example of the French in the attainment of their political liberties. The article commenced by saying: "The streets of Paris have recently flowed with blood, and it may not be long before the streets of Kingston may witness a similar sight;" and after a lengthy argument on the subject, the article concluded with these memorable words: "Now that we have the Hon. Member from Westmoreland on our side, we will give a pull, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together; bring the whole fabric down with a run, strike the chains from the captive, and let the oppressed go free."

This language was considered treasonable; and on Mr. Jordon's return to Kingston, he attended the Assize Court one day as a reporter to his own paper, when, to his great surprise, he heard the Clerk of the Crown proclaim a true bill against Edward Jordon for constructive treason! He was immediately apprehended, and, without the slightest preparation, placed at once in the dock and arraigned. He pleaded "Not guilty," but intimated to the Court that he was not ready for the trial, as he had had no time to prepare his defence. The plea was allowed, and the case was traversed to the next Court.

In this extremity, Mr. Beaumont, the Member for Westmoreland, came to his aid. Mr. Beaumont was one of the most remarkable men that Jamaica had ever produced, and the island has produced a Lord Chief-Justice of England. Mr. B. commenced life in the humblest grade of a planter, but becoming disgusted with such a life, he studied law. Though he was never called to the bar, he was more than a match for all the lawyers in the island. Although steeped in poverty, he was elected as a Member of Assembly for his native parish, Westmoreland. At first he evinced the most bitter hostility against the people of color, and to his commanding talent must be attributed the prolonged struggle in which they were engaged before they obtained their rights. At length Beaumont became convinced of the justice of their cause, upon which he became as warm an advocate in their favor as he had previously been bitter against them. It is to this change in his political opinions that the article in *The Watchman* alluded.

It could not be pretended that the alleged obnoxious article was written by Mr. Jordon. He could only be held as the publisher and editor of *The Watchman*, and there was but one man that could prove that fact, and that was Robert Osborn, his present partner.

Laying hold of this circumstance, Mr. Beaumont advised Osborn when on the witness stand to maintain a dogged silence when the question was put to him. "Who is the editor and publisher of the *The Watchman?*" and to assign as a reason for that silence that principle of British law which does not compel a witness to answer any question that may tend to criminate himself. "But," said Mr. Beaumont, "Mr. Osborn, you must prepare for a lengthened, even a perpetual imprisonment, to save your friend's life." Mr. Osborn acted upon the hint, and when before the Court he respectfully yet firmly refused to say who were the editors and publishers of *The Watchman*, and pleaded the principle already alluded to. That principle saved him from imprisonment. The Judge dared not assume so arbitrary a power as to imprison the witness.

On the termination of the trial serious riots were apprehended. It has subsequently been ascertained that in the event of a verdict of "Guilty," and any attempt on the part of the people to rescue the prisoner, as was certainly expected, Mr. Jordon was to have been shot in the dock. The lawyers for the prosecution, and the partisans of the corrupt island government, went into Court for that purpose. A vessel of war was brought up from Port Royal abreast of Kingston, the guns of which were pointed up one of the main streets; and at almost every street leading to the sea, a merchant vessel was moored, armed at least with one great gun, pointing in a similar direction, to rake the streets from bottom to top. The detachment of soldiers at the barracks in Kingston were kept under arms, with orders to be ready for action at a moment's notice. The regiment stationed at Up Park Camp, a large cantonment about two miles from the city, was similarly prepared. Buglers were stationed at intervals all the way up to the camp to sound the alarm in a moment. In fact, the city was in a state of siege. On the other hand the colored people were also prepared. Beaumont himself was armed *cap-a-pie*, and determined to shoot whatever man should shoot Jordon. These expected sanguinary scenes were happily averted through the firmness of one man, and that was Robert Osborn. No sooner had he given his evidence than he stepped from the witness-stand; then, apprehensive of his recall, he was seized by the people, conveyed upon their shoulders, and carried to a house in the upper part of the city, where he was locked up until the verdict was pronounced. That verdict was "Not guilty." The scene which Kingston presented on that day is beyond description.

The greatest care was taken that the jury should be packed in such a manner that there should not be one drop of African blood to be found in it, but they reckoned without their host. There was one man on the jury who, though as fair to all appearance as the proudest scion of the Caucasian race, had just enough to remind him of the great rock whence he was digged. This fair descendant of black Hannibal was, too, one of the famous Committee of Twenty-five. That man was James Taylor, the present senior Member for Port Royal, and Chairman of Committees. Through his determination Mr. Jordon was saved from hanging, for the other jurymen, in spite of evidence, were determined on a verdict of guilty. Another fact in the history of the memorable prosecution, or rather persecution, is the refusal of Mr. Burge, the then Attorney-General, to prosecute. A fit instrument was, however, found for the dirty work, in the person of Mr. Panton, then Advocate-General, and subsequently Vice-Chancellor of the island. He is now gone to his account—*requiescat in pace.* To the everlasting disgrace of the Earl of Belmore, then the Governor of Jamaica, he was heard to declare, before the trial had come on, that in the event of Mr. Jordon being condemned, he would sign the death-warrant for the execution.

The efforts of the anti-slavery party were crowned with success, and on the 1st of August, 1834, the slaves became apprentices, and on the 1st of August, 1838, they rose to the dignity of freemen. Here was the consummation of the object for which Mr. Jordon had struggled. He received his reward at the hands of a grateful people, having been elected in 1835 as Member of Assembly for the city and parish of Kingston, which he continues to represent. About this period *The Watchman* was converted into a daily paper called *The Morning Journal*, still in existence, and still owned by Jordon and Osborn. In 1851, Mr. Jordon was called by Her Majesty's letters patent to the Council, or Upper House, with the title of "Honorable." A year or two previous to this, his friends set him up as Mayor for the city in opposition to Hon. Hector Mitchell, whose term had expired, and it was only by the most open and barefaced bribery that he did not succeed in defeating the old veteran. In 1853, contrary to his wishes, his friends again proposed him as Mayor on the death of Mr. Mitchell. He was opposed by Philip Lawrence, Esq., a wealthy merchant, and was defeated by a majority of *one* vote, and this majority must be accounted for from the fact of Mr. Lawrence having voted in his own favor, while Mr. Jordon was at his country residence, far from the poll, not to mention the more potent agency of gold. Sir Charles Grey, who was then Governor of the island, to mark his sense of the fitness of Mr. Jordon for that dignity, immediately on the election of Mr. Lawrence, bestowed on Mr. Jordon the office of Custos Rotulorum for Kingston. This office, and not the Mayoralty, is the Chief Magistracy of the city. The two offices, for the sake of convenience, are usually held by the same person. The fact of their being divided on this occasion was, of itself, significant. On the retirement of Mr. Lawrence, a few months after his election, Mr. Jordon was elected as Mayor without opposition. He refused to hold the office, preferring to pay the penalty of £100, which he would incur thereby; upon which a Committee of the Common Council waited on him and urged his acceptance of the office. It was then only he complied. The office is triennial, and ever since then he has always been reelected without opposition. In 1854, on the inauguration of the new form of government, Sir Henry Barkly requested Mr. Jordon to resign his seat in the Legislative Council, and appeal to the people of Kingston for reelection in the new House of Assembly about to be formed, with a view to employing his talents in setting the new machinery of government at work, which could be more effectually done by a member of the Lower than the Upper House. Contrary to the advice of his friends, who supposed Mr. J. would derogate from his dignity in descending to the Lower House, Mr. Jordon complied. His sense of patriotism was superior to the blandishments of an empty honor. He still retained his rank as a privy councillor. He is now the Premier of the island and President of the Privy Council.

He is respected by every member of both branches of the Legislature, and very frequently measures are carried which are not entirely agreeable to members, through the respect they hold to the source from which they emanate. Whatever may be said of the new scheme of government under Mr. Jordon's administration, the revenue almost invariably exceeds the expenditure—a political phenomenon previously unknown. Within a few months past the Queen has signified her approval of Mr. Jordon's conduct by elevating him to the dignity of Companion of the Bath. This is believed to be only a stepping-stone to the next rank of K. C. B. In addition to the offices already enumerated, Mr. J. is chairman of several commissions, and he discharges his duties with the strictest fidelity. It may be observed that from only one of his numerous offices he derives any emolument, viz., £800 per annum as a member of the Executive Committee or Cabinet. The other offices are honorary.

Mr. Jordon has long been married, but no child has ever blessed his union. He is a deeply pious man, of grave deportment, although he can enjoy heartily a good joke. He is very temperate in his habits and unobtrusive in his manners. He is in the sixty-second year of his age.

Such is the colored man whom the gracious Queen of Britain has promoted to the dignity of knighthood. —*Independent.*

OLD ALMANACS.

We copied recently, from an exchange, an account of "The North American's Almanack, and Gentleman's and Lady's Diary for the Year of our Lord Christ, 1776," giving some of the quaint and curious peculiarities which distinguished the almanac makers of that period. We have since seen a copy of the almanac referred to, which, with several others of more ancient date, form a part of the valuable collection of Nathaniel Paine, Esq., of this city. One of these, published in the year of peace and promise, 1749, bears the following title:

AN ASTRONOMICAL DIARY.
OR, AN
ALMANACK,
For the Year of Our Lord Christ,
1749.
Being the first Year after Bissextile or Leap Year, And in the Twenty-second Year of the Reign of Our Most gracious Sovereign, King George II.

Wherein are contained the Lunations, Eclipse of the Luminaries, Aspects, Sun and Moon, Rising and Setting, Time of High-Water, Courts, Spring Tides, Judgment of the Weather, etc. Calculated for the Meridian of Boston.
BY NATHANIEL AMES.

No Hero's Ghosts, with Garments roll'd in Blood,
Majestic stalk; the golden Age's renewed;
No hollow Drums in *Flanders* beat; the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets ring no Peels of Death.
The milder Stars their peaceful Beams afford;
And sounding Hammer beats the wounding Sword
To Plow-Shears now; *Mars* must to *Ceres* yield,
And exiled Peace returns and takes the Field.
BOSTON in New England.
Printed by J. DRAPER for the Booksellers.
Price, Eighteen Pence Single, and Twelve Shillings a Dozen.

Only the calendar leaves of this almanac are preserved, each one of which is crowned with a pleasant pastoral verse, while interspersed, a word here and a word there, among the hieroglyphs and weather prophecies of the calendar, are many wise saws and instances applicable to all times. Here are some of the most practical: "If there was less debating and more acting it would be better." "A man without work, money or credit, stands but a poor chance." "Make hay while you may, for a mighty storm is coming on." "He that lives by Fraud is in danger of dying a Knave," etc., etc. The Boston Almanack of Isaac Bickerstaff, who achieved an extended fame in his generation as a compiler of almanacs, for 1768, gives, in addition, to the indispensable calendar, the distances of the principal towns on the continent from Boston, with the intermediate miles; a general view of the whole world, miraculously condensed into four pages; a chronological table of discoveries and remarkable events, commencing with the deluge, and closing with the peace of Fountainebleau; recent acts of parliament relating to the colonies; and, finally, the compiler's "preface," which winds up in the following touching and persuasive style:

Gentle Reader: If thy imagination leads thee to indulge in the marvelous, thou may'st believe this; but I will not make any promises. I will only modestly hint to my patrons (*the Public*) that as I have done much for their Entertainment in this performance, Even Tho' uncertain of success, what will I *not* be *able* to do, when cherished by their *favour?* Our interests are mutually connected, the greater encouragement I receive, the greater my ability and gratitude will be. My readers may assuredly expect, that my almanack for 1769 will be published in the fall of 1768, and so wishing them all happiness in this world and in the next, I desire to be their much obliged humble servant,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

As we approach the period of the Revolution, the almanacs begin to look warlike. Nathaniel Low's almanac of 1776 opens with a patriotic address to the soldiers of the American army, while in the place of the usual pastoral and illustrative verses at the top of the calendar pages is a running sketch of the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and America in the province of Massachusetts Bay. Mr. Low commences the succeeding year in a better mood. The almanac commences with a defiant address to the Tories, and January strikes the key for the months as follows:

"Let tyrants rage and sycophants exclaim,
Let tories grumble, and parasites defame,
And all the herd of trembling despots roar
And plot revenge;—dependence is no more.
'Tis independence that we will maintain,
And Britain's tyrant shall no longer reign."

The Town and County Almanack for 1784, by Abraham Weatherwise, is embellished with an allegorical plate representing "the Victorious Gen. Washington, surveyed in pleasing attitudes, by Wisdom and Valour, while Britannia deplores her loss of America." Bickerstaff's almanacs of this period assume a more jovial and eccentric character. His passion for wood cuts, though always good-natured, doesn't lead him always to respect the unities, or cultivate the highest styles, of art. Wooden allegories take the place of the calendar rhymes, which, rude as they are, happily illustrate the progress of the year, and symbolize the duties and labors of its chief divisions.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

ELFIE MEADOWS.

A sunny day in leafy June, white clouds are floating high,
Leisurely through the blue expanse, and bees hum drowsily;
In shady nooks the cattle herd, and ruminating doze,
While onward, with a rippling song, the glancing river flows.

With fairy steps a maiden stroll'd along the rushy bank,
Her light foot hardly seem'd to crush the daisies where it sank.
The dragon-flies unheeding brush her soft curls as they pass;
The wary lizard boldly peeps from 'neath his tuft of grass.

Beneath her hat of plaited straw her eyes shine soft and blue,
Her tender, quivering mouth tells tales of feeling deep and true:
O Elfie Meadows!—scarce eighteen—how many a heart has beat
To kiss the flow'ret in your hand, the daisies 'neath your feet!

Yet scorn can dwell in those sweet eyes, cold words those lips can speak;
For many, though you're scarce eighteen, to gain your love would seek.
You wave them off with calm disdain. Have you no heart to give?
Or is it in yourself alone, and for yourself, you live?

Not so, sweet Elfie: next your heart a tiny pledge you wear—
Within a case of purest gold a lock of raven hair;
And ever and anon you take, and to your lips you press
This token of unfailing love to cheer your loneliness.

"And if," I ask, "long years should pass, and he should not return,
This tribute of a fleeting love you scornfully would spurn?"
"Never," she says, with flashing eyes; "time matters not to love;
And ours is true—it springs below, but rears its fruit above."

"Ah, Elfie, but you little know how absence can estrange—
How fondest hearts at last find out 'tis possible to change."
She stamped her little foot at me, "I tell you 'tis not so
With love that bears its flowers aloft, and has its roots below."

"Others have said the same," quoth I, "who loved as well as you,
Yet ten or twenty years have served to prove their love untrue."
Her small white hands she tightly clasp'd, and said, with face a-glow,
"Their love no fruit could bear on high—it had no root below."

"And yours, my Elfie," murmured I, "how can you test its truth—
It may be that maturer years will scorn the love of youth?"
"Nay, try me not too hard," she said, "I only know I love,
And love that has such root below is perfected above."

We two sat on a mossy bank, her soft eyes looked before
Into the river's crystal depths; fain would I test her more;
But one she little wist was near, had secretly o'erheard
Words that his inmost heart had touch'd, his deepest pulses stirr'd.

"And what," he ask'd, in quivering tones, "if some friend true and tried
Had told you that your faithless Guy had found another bride?"
Around his neck she wildly flung her arms with joyous glee:
"Ah, never, Guy, would I believe you could be false to me!"
—*Once a Week.* T.

CLERICAL PORTRAITURE.

[*The Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, having given pretty full sketches of the proceedings of certain Religious Conventions lately held in that place, was moved to Daguerreotype some of the clerical characters that figured therein. Here are its pictures:]

The personnel of the Conventions invited study. The clerical cast of countenance is not attractive, as a general fact. We mean the professional expression which many clergymen, of the old school more especially, think it necessary to put on at religious meetings and on all occasions when they feel that they are representing religion in public. The look is pretty well known and easily distinguishable, but not so easily described. It is solemn rather than serious, vacant instead of thoughtful, awful rather than good, ghostly rather than divine. It is not a pleasant expression on any human face, according to our notion, and on some faces it is decidedly disagreeable and repulsive. It excludes that glow of kindness, of sympathy, of chastened happiness, which answers to our idea of a Christian clerical countenance. There were some faces in the meetings which seemed to have been laboring to express "the terrors of the law" for forty years or more and made awkward work of it always. Such faces told a dismal and sad history; there was no ray of gospel in them; not one glimmer of reconciliation to God and man or of "joy and peace in believing." There were one or two faces on which heresy-hunting was marked in every line; a keen, critical look, eager to detect the mote in a brother's eye and merciless in its exposure, with only a cold and insolent pity for such as were caught in unsoundness of opinion or of words. There were also some hard, worldly faces, which told plainly that the religion of the owners was a matter of business; they had made the best bargain they could with the heavenly powers and meant to get the most for the least pay, dealing with God just as they do with men. Such men always make their appeal to human selfishness and fear, and persuade men to be religious merely because religion is a paying investment. But there were good faces also, faces on which were written, so legibly that all might read, a genuine benevolence, a living sympathy with men, a simple reverence and trust towards God, a cheerful hope, and an unfeigned delight in the service of the Master. It was inspiring to look upon such faces and to feel that they illustrate the truth of the gospel and its divine power, and are a prophecy of what the race may become when the world shall be permeated by the spirit of Christ.

The fussy old doctor of divinity was present; he always is. Of course he made a very humble prayer, and asked to be delivered from self-seeking and ambition, and all that; but he looked out for the chances to make himself prominent, to criticize the faults of his brethren and to advertise his own superior wisdom and grace. He was persistently officious, as usual, and evidently considered himself a sort of universal regulator and censor, both as to the laws of order and the principles of the Church. But he was consistently thick-headed, always blundering and never hitting the point. He did not discover the fact, however, and the brethren exercised their Christian patience upon him—which suggests a reason for the existence of so aggravating a type of saintliness.

The theological fossil was there, too; perhaps more than one. His case is briefly disposed of; everybody knows him, and there is not much of him anyway. He is a good man, humanly speaking; there is no doubt of that. And he is sound; he could not well be otherwise, for he has not allowed himself to entertain a new idea, or to look at a new phase of an old one, or scarcely to use a new word or phrase as the vehicle of a familiar idea, since he was first set apart and consecrated to his work by the laying on of holy hands. In fact, nothing alarms him so much as a new thought, and some rather free utterances of the younger brethren in the ministry caused a shadow and almost a pang to pass across the unillumined repose of his venerable face. He is a perfectly safe man in theology—no fear of his being seduced by German rationalism or modern philosophy. When he names his text, you know exactly what he will say and how he will say it, and may resign yourself to your Sabbath repose with entire confidence that all will be right, and that every word, from the "firstly" to the fifteenth "concluding remark" will be sound as a nut—and as dry as its shell.

The live old pastor was there also—there were several, in fact. He may be a D.D., but he is wholly unconscious of it. His hair is gray, and will soon be white, but he is as young in heart and as fresh and invigorating in speech and manner as he was a quarter of a century ago. You cannot make a spiritual petrifaction of this style of man. He has kept up with the times—a little ahead of them in fact—and with all his wealth of learning and experience, he is as simple in manner and as sincere and hearty in his intercourse with men as if he had never heard of the dignity and gravity of his profession. He is serious about serious things, but thinks it no sin to enjoy a good joke or to make one, and has never felt it a duty to be dismal or look awful anywhere. He has the sum and substance of Christian goodness in him, and all men recognize and reverence it, and are blessed by it.

We thought we caught an occasional glimpse of the pulpit harlequin. He did not show himself much; the meeting was too earnest, and he did not feel at home. His performances are not pleasant. They would do better on the stage, but it would require long training to make him successful there. He affects wit, but it is of a very shocking kind, at which the intelligent hearer can laugh only by courtesy. He affects the grotesque also, both in language and manner. He has evidently seen the clown at a circus, but he will need to practise a long time before he can make funny faces as well as the clown. He sometimes talks five minutes or more to lay the track on which to bring in a pun, and introduces it heels foremost at last—and a shocking bad pun at that. However, he succeeds in getting laughed at, for people will laugh at the antics of a minister if they are rather stupid. They make allowances for the fact that it is out of his line, and so are easily pleased. If the pulpit harlequin had any genuine power of wit, if his queer speeches and his contortions of countenance were the natural expression of an irrepressible humor in the man, it would be pardonable and sometimes enjoyable. But it is so evidently made and put on, got up for the occasion, and exhibited to make people stare and wonder, that while it causes the thoughtless to laugh, it can only make the judicious grieve.

The ambitious young clergyman came also. He brought his budget of ornamental rhetoric, choice words, beautiful words, elegantly got up phrases, and a voice as softly and tenderly modulated as that of a love-sick nightingale. He knows this world is a very bad world, but he is sure, if he can only get a chance at the bad men with his rhetoric, he can bring them down. If they are errorists or perverse heretics, he has logic to demolish all their refuges of lies, and only give him a chance, and he will show the old, hard-working pastors, how easily the business of saving the world can be done. Poor fellow! a few years in the pulpit and the rough associations of the parish of Hardscrabble, will dispel his illusions, topple over his beautiful air castles, and convince him that, in the Christian ministry at least,

"Life is real, life is earnest."

LETTER OF DESOR ON THEODORE PARKER.

[In the September number of *The Dial*, an admirable monthly magazine for literature, philosophy and religion, edited by M. D. Conway, and published at Cincinnati, we find the following letter from Desor, the distinguished naturalist of Neufchatel.]

Neufchatel, 10th June, 1860.

My dear Friend: It requires some time for the head and heart to settle again after they have been shaken so deeply as mine have been of late. You understand that I mean to speak of the death of our dear friend, Theodore Parker. Moleschott writes, "with him a column of humanity has fallen down;" and this is true. There will be a long time before another Theodore Parker arises. But his work, though unfinished, will not be lost: his writings will remain a living fountain for many who are thirsty for truth and righteousness. To me his death has been a hard blow. I went to Italy with the hope and prospect of meeting him at Rome, and of going thence with him on an excursion to Naples and Vesuvius, which he refused to visit during the winter, because he wanted to see it with me. From thence we were to return to Florence, stay a short time about the Italian lakes, for the purpose of searching for subaquatic (Celtic) habitations, in which he had become quite interested, then come over to my chalet and stay until autumn, when he expected to return to New England. Instead of that, I found him very weak; he had been failing rapidly for several weeks, and the idea of an excursion to Naples had to be given up at once. He had hardly strength to ride some two or three times with me to visit the chief monuments of the Eternal City. Of course, he could not fail to become aware of his declining condition; and all at once his mind became engrossed with one idea, that of leaving Rome as soon as possible, because he could not bear the idea of laying his bones in the cursed soil. It was a trying case, for I did not feel at all sure that he could ever reach Florence; but he was bent upon going, in spite of rain and wind. Dr. Appleton, of Boston, who had attended him regularly, went so far in his kindness towards Mr. Parker as to accompany us; he also provided for the carriage, the passports, and all the little comforts that might be necessary on the journey. Thus we started on the 20th of April—Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, and myself, with a vetturino—for Florence. He declared that he had "decided upon reaching Florence;" that he had "wound himself up to the task, and would get there," but after that he did not promise anything at all. It was the last effort of his strong, energetic mind. So it happened. But the effort he had to make was followed by a great prostration. As soon as we arrived he went to bed, not to rise again. He at the same time lost the control of his mind, which, with the exception of a few lucid intervals, was more or less wandering all the time. In one of these lucid intervals he asked for me, and gave me the direction for his burial (which has been followed), observing that he hoped it would soon be over, but did no longer express any regret about his unfinished work. He seemed perfectly resigned. This was the last time he spoke to us in a perfectly lucid way. Still he always recognized his friends, though he was unconscious of the places; he mostly thought himself at Boston, or on board the steamer on his way home. I have tried to cheer him as much as I could. His wife never left him an instant. Miss Stevenson had left him a short time before my arrival, but came back when informed of his failing. His death was a very quiet, and, I dare say, unconscious one; his wife did not become aware of it for a time after his breath came no longer. * * *

I hastened off as soon as possible, and sought some distraction among the collections of Boulogne, Milan, and Turin. It is a hard experience of advancing age, that we must see all those who were dear to us disappear, one after the other, at a period of life when we have no longer the required adaptiveness to form new friends. * * *

Last summer, when at my chalet, at the occasion of the death of my friend Küchler, with whom he had been staying some time, we decided together that we should write a kind of Album dedicated to his memory, and in which all those assembled at Combe-Varia should take part. Mr. Parker promised two articles, one on the Teutonic races, the other a fine irony upon the pretensions of some modern naturalists (of the Bridgewater school)—"A Bumble-Bee's Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of Creation." The first was not written out, but the latter has just gone through the press; it is, therefore, Theodore Parker's last production, and will be the jewel of the Album. I have given direction to the printer to send several copies to America. The publication of the Album must, of course, be somewhat postponed, in order to enable me to write a short notice of Mr. Parker. The Album will now be called, *Ein Nachruf an Parker und Küchler.*

Will not the scientific and literary bodies of the United States feel ashamed now for the manner in which they have treated the man who, after a short time, will outweigh them all—the noblest specimen of American scholarship that ever lived? Had he lived but two months longer, I would have secured for him the Secular Doctorship at the Jubilee of the University of Basle, to be celebrated next month.

Old Age.—The old man loves the sunshine and the fire, the arm-chair and the shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full-grown apple from its bough, full-ripe, full-colored, too. The internal characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and of persons which hit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old is better. He is not venturesome; he keeps at home. Passion once stung him into quickened life; now, that gad-fly is no more buzzing in his ears. Madame de Staël finds compensation in silence for the decay of passion that once fired her blood; heathen Socrates, seventy years old, thanks the gods that he is now free from that "ravenous beast" which has disturbed his philosophic meditations for many years. Romance is the child of passion and imagination; the sudden father that, the long-protracting mother this. Old age has little romance. Only some rare man, like Wilhelm von Humboldt, keeps it still fresh in his bosom. In intellectual matters, the old man loves to recall the old time, to review his favorite old men—no new ones half so fair. So in Homer, Nestor, who is the oldest of the Greeks, is always talking of the olden times, before the grandfathers of the men then living had come into being; "not such as had degenerate days." Verse-loving John Quincy Adams turns off from Byron and Shelley, and Wieland and Goethe, and returns to Pope. * * * * *

Elder Brewster expects to hear St. Martin's and Old Hundred chanted in heaven. To him heaven comes in the long-used musical tradition. The middle-aged man looks around at the present; he hopes less and works more. The old man looks back on the field he has trod: "This is the tree I planted; this my footstep;" and he loves his old home, his old carriage, cat, dog, staff and friend. In lands where the vine grows, I have seen an old man sit all day before his cottage door, in a great arm-chair, his old dog lay couched at his feet in the genial sun. The autumn winds played with the old man's venerable hairs; above him on the wall, purpling in the sunlight, hung the full cluster of the grapes, ripening and maturing yet more. The two were just alike; the wind stirred the vine leaves and they fell; stirred the old man's hairs, and they whitened yet more. Both were waiting for the spirit in them to be fully ripe. The young man looks forward—the old man looks back. How long the shadows lie in the setting sun! the steeple, a mile long, reaching across the plain, as the sun stretches out the hills in grotesque dimensions. So are the events of life in the old man's consciousness.
Theodore Parker.

Foreign Gleanings.

As Sir Walter Scott was leaning on Purday's arm, in one of his walks, Tom said, "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir, for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home, vara tired, if I sit down with a pot of porter by the fire, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

The Italian journals state that a wealthy person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and that the persons intrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twelve humpbacks. To recompense the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to travelling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal bearing the effigy of Æsop, their prototype.

Shortly before the end of July such an immense swarm of locusts fell into the town of Odessa that it was necessary to play fire engines upon the boulevards and town gardens to drive away the unwelcome intruders. No conception can be formed of the extent to which they occupy the flat land, and it is stated that 20,000 men are engaged in destroying them. The insects extended in their course to a length of sixty versts and a breadth of twenty versts, and are in so advanced a condition that they are furnished with wings.

In some parts of Switzerland singular judicial penalties are still in force. A few days ago, one Hug, of Stanz, was convicted by the Tribunal of Unterwald, for having, when in a state of intoxication in a public house, employed offensive language respecting the Pope, and he was condemned to twenty blows with a stick, to be administered in private, a fortnight's imprisonment in the hospital, a week's retirement to be passed in religious exercises in the monastery of the Capuchins, to occupy a separate place at church for the space of two years, and during that time to attend morning and evening service and the class of catechism, to be deprived for an indefinite period of his civil rights, and finally to pay all the costs.

The cathedral of Christchurch, Oxford, England, stands upon the site of an ancient nunnery, founded in the eighth century by a Prince of Oxford, father of the Saxon Saint Frideswide. According to the legends, the beauty of Frideswide, who presided over the nunnery, attracted the attention of the Mercian Prince Algar, who, unable by entreaty to prevail on her to overcome her resolution of celibacy, determined to carry her off by force, and entered the city of Oxford for that purpose. To evade this pursuit the pious virgin concealed herself for some time in a pigsty, and when this unsavory place of seclusion no longer availed, Heaven interfered in her behalf, and the daring lover was visited with blindness, from which he did not recover until he had repented of his evil designs, and then only through the intercession of the saint.

Dr. Watts.—The statue of Dr. Isaac Watts, at Southampton, his native town, has been commenced. It will be erected in the public park in July next, on the anniversary of his birth. The statue and basso relievos will be of Sicilian marble, and the pedestal of polished Aberdeen gray granite. The total height will be nearly twenty feet. The basso relievos around the pedestal will represent the poet in his study when a youth; then in his manhood teaching his Divine Songs to children, and also as the aged divine and philosopher. The sculptor is Mr. Lucas, of Chilworth, near Romsey. Lord Palmerston has several times visited the studio of the sculptor, and has manifested considerable interest in the erection of the statue.

Mary Queen of Scots' Missal.—The following is an account of a Missal which formerly belonged to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, now in the Imperial Library, St. Petersburg:—This Missal, or Prayer Book, is bound in purple velvet; the leaves are of a rich vellum, of a large 8vo. size; it is ten inches long, seven broad, and an inch and a half thick. The sheets are highly illuminated with pictures of saints, with Saxo-Latin inscriptions under them. In various parts were originally blank spaces that have been filled up with observations and lines of poetry in French, and in the Queen's own handwriting, and with two signatures. On the first page are these words: "This belongs to me, Mary."

Good Testimony to Character.—There are husbands who can do justice to the qualities of their wives under any circumstances. A Belgian journal furnishes an example. A woman was lately accused of poisoning, and was on the point of being condemned, when she entreated that her husband should be called to speak as to her character. The request was granted, and the husband testified with superb frankness that the best proof of the innocence of his wife was his still being alive. "I am persuaded," he said, "that if my wife had the slightest inclination for poisoning, she would have begun with me, for she has detested me most cordially for the last ten years." This evidence threw the jury into a roar of laughter, and produced the acquittal of the woman.

An Artistic Thief.—The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gortschakoff is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he has a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago a French diplomatist asked to see the Album; to his surprise he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "True enough," said the latter, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it."—"Stolen! do you suspect by whom?"—"Oh, yes, one of my messengers; he took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album."—"But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?"—"Oh, dear, no! The puppy showed such good taste in the selection he made, I could not think of having him arrested."

A Woman's Answer.—A writer, illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need to be treated with contempt and ridicule, observes that all the blows inflicted by the Herculean club of certain logicians are not half so effectual as a box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of some charming beauty.

After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to avenge himself by saying:

"Pardon my error, ladies. I did not imagine that in a house where wit lives with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in God."

"You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house, "my horse, my dog, my cat, share the honor with you; only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

A Theorist about Happiness.—John Howard Payne, better known by the composition of "Home, Sweet Home" than anything else which he did in his most eventful life, gave a breakfast in London to many literary men, at which Leslie was present. The latter relates that Payne told him of a speech of Robert Owen's (the celebrated Socialist), who was at that time filling the papers with his scheme for remodelling society. When Wilberforce was urged to bring his plans before Parliament, and replied, "It is too late in the session," Owen exclaimed, "What, sir! put off the happiness of mankind till another session of Parliament!" So much for a man's enthusiasm with respect to his own views.—*Leslie's Autobiography.*

We translate the following from a Lisbon paper: In the so-called ruins of Cetobriga in the sands of Troza, near Setubal (*anglicé* St. Ubes, about twenty miles from Lisbon), in consequence of excavations which have been made there, from day to day are being disinterred many curious Roman antiquities. A little while since there were found a glass pears-haped funeral urn, five gold coins of the time of the Emperor Honorius, a ring of polished gold with a blue stone, on which were engraved a sword and the iron head of an arrow; a fillet of the same metal, also a gold drinking cup, containing some pearls and precious stones and a silver coin of the time of the republic. Still more lately there were discovered in those ruins two more glass funeral urns, containing ashes; several fragments of large urns, fluted and of a greenish color; a lachrymatory of Saguntian clay; a grave, within which were found half of a brass buckle belonging to a belt, and some steel pins such as were used by the people in ancient times to fasten and hold up their long hair.

Negro Life in the Tropics.—Trollope, in his new work on Jamaica, says of the emancipated negro:

"He lies under the mango tree, and eats the luscious fruit in the sun; sends his black urchin up for bread-fruit, and behold the family table is spread. He pierces the cocoa-nut, and lo! there is his beverage. He lies on the grass surrounded by oranges, bananas, and pine-apples."

Is it strange that he